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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

No. 36059

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1955.

Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Butler's Action

THE sudden, almost surprising ferment which has engulfed Britain over the disclosure of new stresses in the nation's economy and the drastic steps taken by Chancellor Butler to deal with the high rate of internal spending has left the average taxpayer somewhat bewildered and perplexed. For months now he has been nurtured on an optimistic appraisal of the country's economic condition.

He had been led to expect by well-informed observers and commentators that in view of the fact that 1955 may well be election year, tax reductions this April were a distinct possibility. Quite suddenly the atmosphere changes. Up goes the Bank rate to 4½ per cent and the Government clamps down on hire purchase of consumer goods. And regardless of the prospects of a general election this year there would now seem to be no chance of tax reductions. In fact, the Chancellor will be doing well to keep tax rates at present levels.

It is bad luck for the Tories that the stresses should become obvious at such a time for they can expect little public sympathy in their attempts to justify steps taken to cope with the situation. The brakes have been applied to the current spending spree because the country is buying goods without the money to pay for them.

Generous loan terms and hire purchase schemes enabled the people to do this. The Government's ultimate objective is to bring about a balance between exports and increased imports. The aim therefore must be to increase the amount of goods available for export and at the same time reduce internal demand for imported goods by withdrawing liberal credit facilities. This the Government is attempting to do.

For some time past, economists have been alarmed by Britain's wave of extravagance. With the ending of austerity and the advent of higher wages, spending has risen to lavish proportions. Certainly some check was necessary. What is puzzling, however, is why the Chancellor, who is noted for his cautious and conservative handling of the departmental reins, acted so impetuously this week when he had obviously been aware of the danger for some time. His almost convulsive manipulation of the Bank rate has startled and alarmed the country.

BRITAIN TURNS THE CORNER

SAYS BUTLER Claims New Financial Measures Are Success

London, Feb. 25.

New British Atomic Tests

Canberra, Feb. 25.

A new series of British atomic experiments are to be held in South Australia later this year, Australian Supply Minister Howard Beale announced here today.

Mr Beale said the tests would not be atomic explosions, but detonations of high explosive charges to test atomic weapon technique. There would be only limited radio-activity following these tests, the Minister said, adding that every precaution would be taken to prevent danger to people or animals.

Mr Beale said the British tests would be carried out on a new site in the southwest of South Australia, north of the main railway line from Adelaide to Perth. The new site will be near the Woomera guided missiles range.

It was believed here that the 1955 tests will include experiments with new triggering devices on atomic warheads, for guided missiles, and also probably for the British hydrogen bomb.

The Emufield Testing Grounds, used for the 1953 series of British atomic tests, was considered too remote for this year's series of tests. The only easy access to Emufield is by air and it may now be reserved for future tests of actual atomic bombs.—France-Press.

"Buy America" Concessions

Washington, Feb. 25.

The United States Secretary of Defense has issued a directive permitting a more liberal interpretation of the "Buy America Act." The directive permits the armed services to give contracts to foreign firms if their bids are six per cent or more under the lowest offer by a United States company. It further states that materials and supplies will be considered of foreign origin only when the cost of such supplies constitutes 50 per cent or more of the total cost of the manufactured product involved. This compares with the previous margin of 25 per cent.—Reuter.

Mr R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said here today that the first reactions to the new financial measures and hire purchase restrictions announced yesterday by the government were good — "we have already taken the necessary turn."

Sterling had recovered, he added both on the official and unofficial rates.

Yesterday Mr Butler raised the bank rate — key to the cost of borrowing money — by one per cent to four and a half per cent.

The Chancellor told a meeting of the National Production Advisory Council, "Whether we can hold on to that turn, I would not dare prophesy. But I am satisfied we have taken it."

Mr Butler told the Council that Britain's trade gap—the excess of imports over exports—had recently widened and gold and dollar reserves were not rising.

"In the first half of 1954, trade figures were better than in the corresponding period of 1953," he added. "But in the second half, the opposite was true."

"For this there were two reasons: first, the terms of trade have recently moved against us. Early last year, the fall in the import prices caused as a consequence of buoyant world demand."

"These changes have made a considerable difference in our import bill."

IMPORT PRICES UP

By this January, import prices were six per cent higher than a year earlier and a six per cent rise adds almost £200 million a year to the cost of our imports.

"Export prices meanwhile have been virtually steady since the middle of 1953 as a result of keen competition in overseas markets."

Mr Butler added: "At the same time, the volume of imports is rising without any evidence as yet of a marked forward movement in exports."

He added: "These changes in our overseas trade, I have described, are not violent and the fundamental position is sound."

In the export market, Mr Butler said, "Stiff competition is now the rule. Japan, Germany and the United States have their salesmen in every corner of the globe and restrictions against dollar goods which have been a feature of the post-war world are fast being dismantled."

"Under these conditions, the task before this country in increasing its actual share of world trade is formidable," he added.

RUSH BY INVESTORS

London, Feb. 25.

Foreign money has been rushing to London from all European centres today. Dealers in the foreign exchange market report they had one of the heaviest days business since the markets reopened after the war.

All This Is In The China Mail

Here are the highlights of this Saturday's China Mail feature section:
P. 5: World's Strangest Story, Gills.
P. 6: The Great Gambler: our new series begins.
P. 7: The Secret Exploits of the Cloak and Dagger Squadron: another new series beginning this week.
P. 8: The Archbishop of Canterbury writes on divorce.
P. 9: Week-end Woman-sense.
P. 13: A social welfare case worker does her rounds in Hongkong.
P. 16 & 17: Latest local and overseas sports reviews.

Explorer Claims He Was Cheated

Stockholm, Feb. 25.

Swedish police were today investigating the claims of a young Swedish engineer, Leo Komstedt, who alleged that a beautiful Norwegian woman, once a Gestapo agent, embezzled the money he entrusted to her while he went off to South Africa to try to capture a Couagga, a rare beast that is one-third zebra, one-third donkey and one-third horse.

Komstedt claimed that he left 60,000 Swedish crowns (\$12,000) with Astrid Doewle-Dahlgren on the understanding that she would make the necessary arrangements to forward the money for his expedition.

Komstedt, who is at present living in extreme poverty in Tangle where he has taken a job as a photographer, informed the police that he waited in vain in Johannesburg for Astrid to send on his money. He further claimed that when his father learned he was in difficulty he handed over another 10,000 crowns (\$2,000) to the woman for forwarding, and this sum too never reached him.—France-Press.

Still Seeking Ceasefire

New York, Feb. 25.

Sir Pierson Dixon, Britain's permanent United Nations delegate, said in Boulder, Colorado, today that consultation, study and diplomatic contacts were still going on in an effort to achieve a ceasefire in the Formosa Strait.

"What is required," he said, "is for the Peking Government to be brought to agree as a first stage not to try to obtain their objectives by force. They may not give up these objectives, but they must recognise that they will not achieve them by fighting."

Sir Pierson Dixon, speaking at the University of Colorado, said it might be necessary to use a method other than through the United Nations "either a conference or normal diplomatic channels."—Reuter.

NSW Floods Worst In Australia's History

Sydney, Feb. 25.

The most disastrous floods in Australia's history have engulfed the east coast area of New South Wales and 30,000 square miles have already been devastated.

In the rich wheat and wool area around Dubbo, 300 miles west of Sydney, 300 people were tonight unaccounted for. The lives of many hundreds of people were feared for as the rescue operations were inadequate to deal with the huge rescue problem.

N. KOREA'S OFFER TO JAPAN

London, Feb. 25.

North Korean Foreign Minister Nam H today stated North Korean government's willingness to negotiate with Japan on relations between the two countries, the New China News Agency said in a Pyongyang dispatch quoted by Peking Radio.

"The government of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea declares its positive response to the recent statement of the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr. Hatoyama, who in that statement expressed his willingness to hold negotiations as well as to improve the economic relations with the Republic; and consequently is prepared to discuss with the Japanese government problems regarding the establishment and development of trade and cultural relations as well as other Korean-Japanese relations," the statement said.

"The establishment of the above-mentioned relations between Japan and the Democratic People's Republic of Korea is not only in accordance with the vital interests of the Korean and Japanese people, but will also be highly conducive to the preservation of peace in the Far East as well as to the relaxation of international tension," the statement added.—Reuter.

STOP PRESS

Test Again Rained Out

Sydney, Feb. 25.

Continuing rain again prevented the start of the fifth and final Test match between Australia and England today.

Len Hutton and Ian Johnson, the two captains, decided that no play was possible today after inspecting the ground this morning.—Reuter.

Hongkong's Footballer Of The Year

In 1954 the China Mail instituted a popularity poll to ascertain Hongkong's Footballer of the Year.

The title, and with it a China Mail cup, was deservedly won by Michael Granter, the Army goalkeeper.

It is the intention of the China Mail to make this search for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year an annual event. Each year the winner will receive an inscribed trophy to commemorate his achievement.

In order to give soccer fans plenty of opportunity for taking part in this poll before the current season ends, the nomination coupon is published today on page 16, and this will appear every day in the sports pages of the China Mail until entries close.

The two qualifications for the Footballer of the Year are (a) playing ability, (b) sportsmanship on the field of play.

Send in your nomination NOW.

Rare Honour For French Philosopher

London, Feb. 25.

Queen Elizabeth has made Dr Albert Schweitzer, 80-year-old French philosopher and humanitarian, an Honorary Member of the Order of Merit—one of the highest awards the British monarchy can bestow—it was officially announced tonight.

The order is limited to 24 members with special provision for honorary membership for foreigners.

President Eisenhower is the only other foreign member.

Dr Schweitzer has lived and worked for most of 40 years in the humble missionary hospital in Lambarene, in the jungle in French Equatorial Africa.

The Order of Merit was introduced in 1902 as a special distinction for "gentlemen and women." Unlike most high honours bestowed by the British Monarchy, it carries no title.—Reuter.

Request For More Atomic Subs

Washington, Feb. 25.

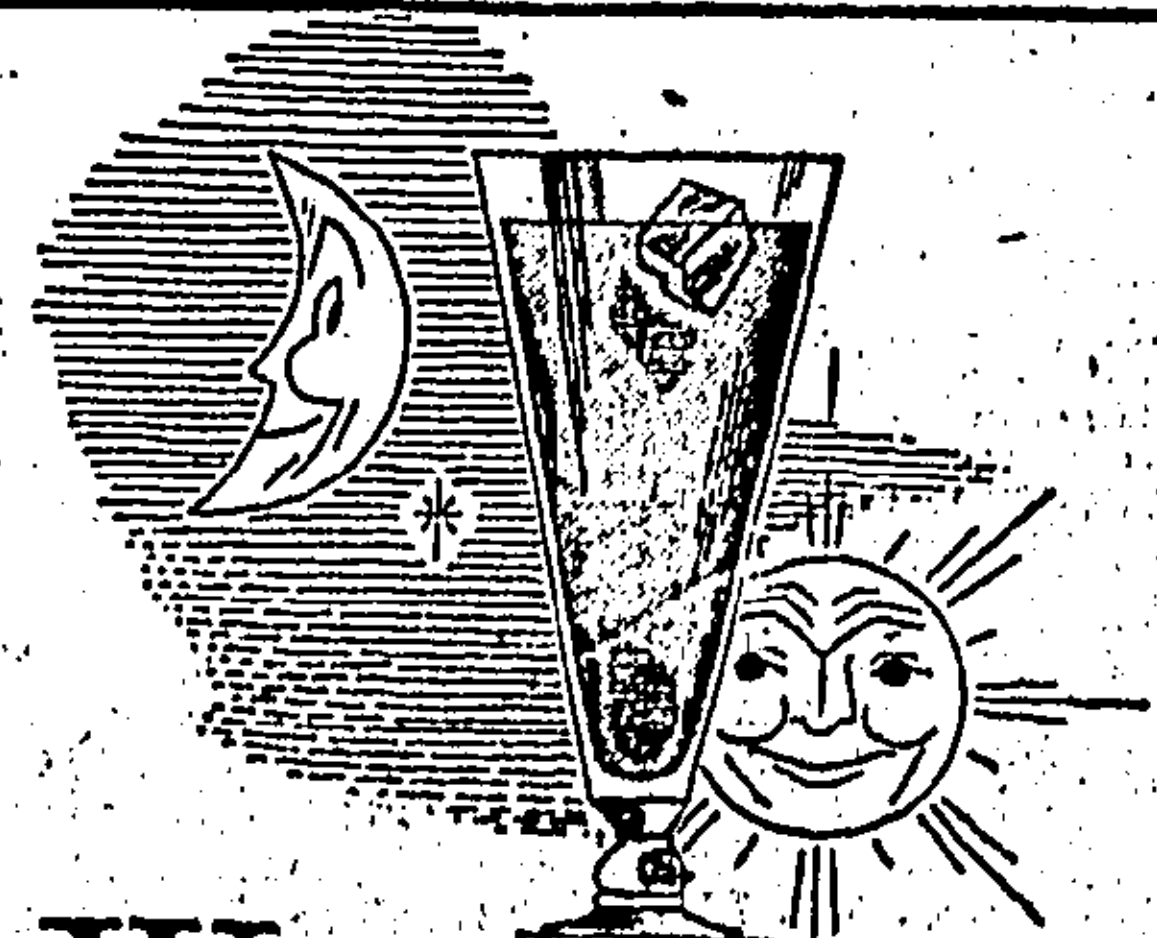
The United States Navy Department today asked Congress for authorisation to build three new atomic-propelled submarines, as well as a fifth super aircraft carrier.

Navy Secretary Charles S. Thomas presented his case before the Senate Armed Services Committee, meeting in executive session, but part of his testimony was later made public.—France-Press.

Film Actor Sued For Divorce

Santa Monica, Feb. 25.

Mrs Gladys Lloyd Robinson, wife of actor Edw. G. Robinson, today filed suit for divorce after 28 years of marriage. She accused Robinson of physical and moral brutality.—France-Press.



Which drink is a beauty treatment?

The pleasantest way to keep your skin clear and youthful is to drink a glass of lime juice night and morning. For this refreshing drink with its cool, clean tang, purifies the blood. Nature's own beauty secret. Get a bottle of lime juice today and start the

'treatment' tonight! And let all your family share the benefits of drinking lime juice regularly. Lime juice is the most thirst-quenching fruit drink. The best lime juice is made by those who know how to grow the fruit. The Caltex brand is a natural and delicious fruit drink. It's 50 more of getting the real thing. Get it today at your favorite store.

Lime Juice for clear complexions
The best you can buy is Caltex's

SANTAL SOAP

ROGER & GALLET

PARFUMEURS PARIS

FEHACO

For flashing starts!

New HIGHER OCTANE IC-PLUS

CalTex

Brings New Life to your Engine

Castrol

OCTANE
MEANS
POWER

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

OPENING TO-DAY

It's about Mrs. Leslie... and the man she never quite married!



SHIRLEY BOOTH ROBERT RYAN in HAL WALLIS' "ABOUT MRS. LESLIE"

ADDED: SPECIAL ATTRACTION

VISTAVISION VISITS NORWAY A PARAMOUNT SHORT. COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Programme of Tech. Cartoons & the 3 Stooges by Columbia Presented by 20th Century Fox Admissions: \$1.00 & \$1.50 At Reduced Prices

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW at 12.20 p.m.

Jaimani Dowin presents a super Indian film

"RAMMAN"

Starring Meena • Karan Dewan • Purnima & Om Prakash At Regular Prices

CAPITOL LIBERTY

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ON PANORAMIC SCREEN

The Most Exciting Air Adventure Ever Filmed! U.S. JET FIGHTERS IN KOREAN WAR

Based on Michener's Story

"CASE OF THE BLIND PILOT"

(EXTRA SHOW ON SUNDAY AT 12.30 P.M.)

TORN OUT OF A TORTURED SKY!

THRILLS IN COLOR! SMASHING THROUGH THE THRILL BARRIER...

WGM's THUNDERING DRAMA THAT HAS ALL THE FURY, SWEEP AND POWER OF THE NAVY'S GREATEST WEAPON... THE JET PILOT!

MEN OF THE FIGHTING LADY

STARRING: VAN JOHNSON, WALTER PIDGEON, LOUIS CALHORN, DEWEY MARTIN, KEENAN WYNN, FRANK LOVEJOY

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

Causeway Bay, Tel. 78721 Kowloon, Tel. 53500

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THEY FOUGHT FOR HAPPINESS IN A WORLD THAT WOULD NOT LET THEM LOVE!

ODILE VERSOIS DAVID KNIGHT in

The Young Lovers



FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

Several first-run cinemas are repeating films already released here, the Capitol and Liberty going over almost entirely to second runs when the present picture finishes.

"Men of the Fighting Lady" is one of the better war pictures, and does not rely on action alone for its interest.

The cast is headed by some names that, provided they are given good material, often respond with good performances. Keenan Wynn is one and Van Johnson another and their showing this time is quite up to standard.

They seem to be typing Johnson as rather a stern young man with a strong sense of duty—it's still a novel contrast to his parts as Esther Williams' partner, but I hope they don't keep it up too long.

Keenan Wynn is a little harder than usual, but having heard him say that all he wants to do is get the fighting over and get back to his family, we're pretty certain what his fate is going to be.

The young boxer who was with him in "Tennessee Camp" is again on the team, this time with a more straightforward part. Dewey Martin is his name—not the best of choices I feel.

Walter Pidgeon is the avuncular Commander.

A TRIUMPH

I took pages and pages of notes when I went to see "A Star Is Born" but am tempted to discard them and reconstruct the picture from memory.

The excessive length that some American and British audiences seem to complain of doesn't make the attention wander, unless you dislike Judy Garland—in which case you'd avoid the picture anyway, but I would like to have seen a more obvious improvement in her technique between her early unrecognised days and the final fadeout at the top of the tree.

Judy gives a consistently accomplished performance in every scene routine in the picture, demonstrating not how a star is born and developed, which is meant to be the point of the picture, but how her talent is recognised and exploited.

You may argue that a faulty performance in a number isn't entertaining and that there are other ways of indicating immaturity than by photographing a star doing less than her best, but it's still the most effective, if subtly treated.

In every other way this picture is a triumph. It's easy to see why it took so long. The publicity flowering about it from time to time during the making said that Judy Garland would not appear on the set when she occurred at night; that James Mason wasn't caring how long it took because he was being paid by the day; that Judy Garland had refused to go on with the picture; that she'd refused to allow it to be cut, etc., etc.

All this of course only built up the tremendous expectation and sent the press book compilers scurrying to their desks for new ways of dealing with "superstitions". And now that it's finally reached here I think that all the interest stirred up about it by fair means and foul was warranted.

Not only Judy Garland, but James Mason are obviously nominees for awards for their performances and I'll take a good actor to steal the "best supporting role" trophy from Jack Carson.

Two weepy parts for even the most hardened to watch out for are Judy's song "Born in a Trunk" and the simple marriage ceremony between the two stars.

"A Star Is Born" is full of meaty, entertaining scenes, but my favourite is that in which Judy, now the successful star, comes home to her husband, fast becoming a has-been. His



James Mason and Judy Garland in a scene from "A Star Is Born"

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

CAPITOL and LIBERTY: "Men of the Fighting Lady". Naval Air Arm action during the war in Korea. Van Johnson, Walter Pidgeon, Louis Calhern, Dewey Martin, Keenan Wynn, Frank Lovejoy.

EMPIRE: "Sabrina". Light comedy involving a chauffeur's daughter and the sons of the house. William Holden, Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn.

HOOVER: "The Little Girl Named Cabbage". A Chinese film.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "About Mrs. Leslie". The lady of the title looks at her turbulent past. Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan.

LEE: "The Princess and the Pirate". Not a new picture, but still Hope, Virginia Mayo, Walter Slezak, Walter Brennan, Victor McLaglen.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Young Lovers". Two ideologies and their innocent victims. Odile Versois, David Knight.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "A Star Is Born". Show business, its romance and tragedy. Judy Garland, James Mason, Jack Carson.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Long John Silver". Robert Louis Stevenson's famous character in some further adventures that his creator hadn't thought of. Robert Newton.

COMING

HOOVER: "Trouble In the Glen". An American Laird getting a chilly welcome from the Highlanders. Orson Welles, Margaret Lockwood, Forrest Tucker.

"Hell's Outpost". Outdoor picture concerning the disputed rights to a tungsten mine. Rod Cameron, Joan Leslie.

"Brigadoon". Musical whimsy in Bonnie Scotland. Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse.

"Betrayed". Spies and counter-spies in Holland during the war. Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Victor Mature.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Playgirl". The pitfalls lying in wait for a country girl in the Big City. Shelley Winters, Barry Sullivan.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Arrow in the Dust". A western. Sterling Hayden, Colleen Gray.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Carmen Jones". A present day Carmen, red hot and black. Dorothy Dandridge, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey.

heavy drinking had been put aside while he worked to build her into a successful actress, but now that she's on top and he's losing ground rapidly, bitterness begins to set in.

To divert him she caricatures the sort of production number in which one song is given to many different treatments that before they're all over you're heartily sick of the tune.

Dressed only in her practice costume, she manages, with the help of various ordinary props picked up at random from the sitting room, to convey the super-colossal epic dreamed up by her producer.

The touching way in which James Mason responds is keeping with the note of pathos hit at intervals all through the film.

Even the terrible embarrassment of seeing a man cry can't spoil this picture.

LOVABLE ROGUE

"Treasure Island" is a story written, as everybody knows, for children, by Robert Louis Stevenson—a very clever author who didn't think that writing

though a pretty enough boy, hasn't had quite enough acting experience to tackle such a long part and the band of rogues accompanying Silver are indistinguishable one from another.

There are one or two scenic shots that the CinemaScope lens treats well and the colour is kind to the eyes.

18 YEARS LATER

Here's something I found in an American newspaper a friend was kind enough to pass to me:

"Clark Gable has just topped one of Spencer Tracy's gags. Quite an achievement because Tracy pulled the gag 18 years ago!

Framed and hanging on a wall in Gable's home is a fluttering Hongkong newspaper review of his 1937 movie, "Fanny", which was panned by critics everywhere. The now fading clipping was sent to him by Tracy, who wrote across the top: "Well, at least they love you in Hongkong."

After being mobbed by fans in Hongkong recently during a film location there, Gable cabled Tracy four words:

"AND THEY STILL DO!"

Another joke on us will possibly be provided by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in early March. It is being strongly hinted that "On the Waterfront" will make off with the Academy Award for best picture, best director and best male performance of the past year. And we shouldn't have seen it.

French Films

Of the three French films shown at the China Fleet Club last week the best was "Jeux Interdits", although "Julietta" had a lot to recommend it.

There was a simplicity about "Jeux Interdits" that was disarming. The theme was the absorption of two children with the ghoul-like game of stalling crosses to embellish a cemetery, that had started with the grave of the little girl's pet dog.

Here are no "moppets"—these two children seem completely unconscious of the camera. Attending the funeral of the boy's brother, their eyes meet when they see a particularly grand cross—"What a beauty," they intimate.

Their perfect timing and expression would make many adult players look like unheeded amateurs.

Baffling Holes

Cuts in Judy Garland's "come-back" film, A Star Is Born, are under fire by film critics of America.

The original version ran for over three hours, and was acclaimed wherever it was shown.

Under pressure from the distributors, arguing that three hours was too long for one programme, the Brothers Warner cut some 40 minutes from the film. It is this version we have here now.

But listen to veteran American film critic Bosley Crowther, who recently saw the edited version: "The cuts have produced results that we shudder to tell. Outside of some justifiable trimming in the early part of the picture, virtually every cut leaves a gaping and baffling hole."

ANGRY GRACE

Grace Kelly doesn't get angry often, but she's incensed about the advertisements for Green Fluo in which she stars with Stewart Granger.

She wants to know who took the liberty of putting her head on a voluptuous body not her own.

And so say all of us!

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

3 SHOWS DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30 & 9.00 P.M.

WARNER BROS. CINEMASCOPE JUDY GARLAND JAMES MASON A Star Is Born TECHNICOLOR JACK CARSON CHARLES BICKFORD

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S

4 SHOWS

"A Star Is Born" EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

ALHAMBRA

AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

Abbott & Costello Meets Captain Kidd WB's Warner Color Hit! Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

Owing to length of picture please note change of times: ROXY: At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m. BROADWAY: At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

THE FIRST TIME IN CINEMASCOPE!

CINEMASCOPE Spans A New Horizon In Adventure! Long John Silver EASTMAN COLOR ROBERT NEWTON KIT TAYLOR • CONNIE GILCHRIST • A JOSEPH KAUFMAN Production Presented by 20th Century-Fox BOOK EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT! ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance at 12.00 Noon.

HOOVER SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

CHINA'S FOREMOST SCREEN ACTRESS

LI LI-HWA At her best

"THE LITTLE GIRL NAMED CABBAGE"

with Huang Ho — Wong Yuen Loong

Even the Empress Dowager was moved by her unusual beauty!!!

One of the four big strange cases in the history of the Ching Dynasty!!!

5 SHOWS ON SUNDAY: FIRST MATINEE AT 12 NOON

RITZ SHOWING TO-DAY

FIRST SHOWING IN KOWLOON.

DRAMA that grips (and tears) "GET OUT!" LINDA DARNELL RICK JASON DAN DURYEA FAITH DOMERGUE THIS IS MY LOVE

Rudolf Schock Germaine Damar King of the Circus WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES Coming to the LEE THEATRE

Commencing TO-DAY MAJESTIC AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. Black Widow GINGER ROGERS VAN HEFLIN GENE TIERNY GEORGE RAFT CINEMASCOPE EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M. Thrill POWER in "JESSE JAMES" 20th Century-Fox Film At Reduced Prices

ORIENTAL SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. ON OUR GIANT WIDE SCREEN! BURT LANCASTER APACHE JEAN PETERS SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M. AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES! Errol Flynn • Ronald Reagan in "DESPERATE JOURNEY"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

THE CIRCUS THAT CAME TO THE END OF THE SAWDUST TRAIL

Manzanares, Spain.

There is a ghost haunting a vacant lot in Manzanares—the ghost of a circus.

The circus is buried there. Unlike most circuses that come to town, this one never moved on. It came to the end of the sawdust trail.

Eighteen months ago the circus came to Manzanares. It had a brass band and acrobats and clowns. It had lions and bears and monkeys and an elephant.

The children all thought it was a splendid circus. But it fell on hard times. Not enough people were coming to the big top. The owner did not

have enough money to pay the performers, and a clown died of an empty stomach.

The Cast Leave

The 35 members of the cast decided they could continue no longer. They left the circus, one by one, and went off to get jobs that paid well.

Everybody left except a dwarf named Francis. He could not bear to desert the animals. But there was not much he could do.

The elephant got so hungry it ate the thatched roof off its stable and died of stomach trouble. The polar bear escaped but came back hungry to its cage. Francis borrowed some meat to keep him going but the bear finally died.

The Animals Die

Other animals escaped and were shot by hunters. Some of them died of disease. Eventually the only animals left were four bears and a monkey.

Finally Francis had to say goodbye and went off to the poor house. He had no other choice.

The children of Manzanares were sad. Even their mothers and fathers were sad. They had never seen a circus die before. They fed the bears and the monkey their leftovers and wondered what to do.

The Survivors

Then an organization in Madrid called "The International Society for the Acclimatization of Wild Animals" heard about the circus, or what was left of it.

The society sent a man to Manzanares to have a look. He said he would try to find someone to buy the animals. But no one wanted them. They were thin, and looked sick.

Artificial Diamonds Now

At last! Scientists say they have produced artificial diamonds which are "100 per cent genuine."

Four research men of America's General Electric Company have done the trick. How is it done? By subjecting a carbonaceous compound to the pressure achieved by nature 240 miles below the earth and heating it at the same time to 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

The company warns that talk of the gems getting into the jewelry shops is premature. But the diamonds are admissible for industrial use.

After 14 Years She Met The Man She Saved From The Sea

New York.

A veteran Dutch sea captain and a former American Red Cross worker met last week aboard the trans-Atlantic liner, Ryndaam for the first time since they were torpedoed in the Atlantic Ocean in 1941.

World Airlines Want British Pilots

With the rapid advance of world air travel and the ever-increasing call for skilled pilots, international airlines are redoubling their efforts to "sign on" British air captains. The result is a shortage of experienced pilots at home.

Many Dutch, Swiss, Belgian and Scandinavian airlines are flown by Britons.

Said Mr. Frank Hillier, secretary of the Air League of the British Empire: "The majority of countries which have started up airlines since the war have looked to Britain for a helping hand." Some pilots working abroad earn up to £5,000. Maximum pay for a skipper with the British airline corporations is £22,300. American airlines pay trans-Atlantic captains up to \$6,000 a year.

British pilots are teaching air crews from all over the world to fly Viscounts. At the 13th "Viscount School" at Northolt, more than 100 students are being trained.

A newspaper in Madrid spoke out. This improvised zoo in Manzanares presents a grave risk to the public. If nobody takes care of the animals the best thing to do is to end it all.

This meant killing the bears and the monkey, and when a zookeeper in Barcelona heard of this he took compassion and sent for them right away.

New travelling cages were fixed up for the survivors of the circus, which now was no more than some rusty wagons and 30 monkeys where the unfortunate animals had been buried where they died.

Off on the dusty road to Barcelona, 400 miles away, went the four bears and the monkey. The children of Manzanares waved them off. There was no music, no clowns to wave back. Only the sad-eyed stare of the monkey and the mournful howls of the bears.—United Press.

FOR SALE: THE HOUSE THAT FEAR BUILT

And Two Lucky People Buy It For A Song

Hillsborough, California.

Mrs. Raphael M. Dorman said she was extremely happy with her new home—a \$337,000 mansion full of electric protection devices and imported marble bathtubs—because it was so "simple."

Mrs. Dorman's husband, San Francisco division manager for the huge West Coast contracting firm of Bechtel Corp., bought the fabulous "House that fear built" recently at a sheriff's auction for a mere \$49,000.

"We fell in love with the house because it has such a basic simplicity," Mrs. Dorman said.

The house contains such items as electric eye, heated toilet seats, a \$28,000 imported bathtub of pink marble, radiant-heated terraces and a unique electronic system which permitted the terrified builder to overhear conversations in any room in the house wherever he was.

A Gambler's Fortress

The six-year-old home in this exclusive residential community was built by gambler Sam Termini, who was sent to the McNeil Island, Washington, Federal penitentiary, when the Government saw the purchase price.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"But, doctor! I can't retire! Just thinking of one big mistake my office made when I spent a weekend in Florida sends my blood pressure soaring!"

Two Old Men Go On An Expedition

To The Graveside Of A Young Woman

Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia.

Two old men completed a sentimental journey last week to the graveside of a young woman who died and was buried in the African bush 53 years ago while trying to walk 1,100 miles from Nysaland to the Belgian Congo.

John Alexander Clarke, now nearly 80, led James Gilchrist, 72, through the jungle to the grave of Joannette Gilchrist because he wanted to have it marked with a headstone.

Joannette Gilchrist was inspired to make her trek by Clarke, who as a young hunter-explorer once accompanied the famed David Livingstone on his African explorations.

Clarke accompanied her on the trip. But before she could complete it, she fell ill and died of malaria. Clarke buried her beneath a tree in the jungle and arranged with local natives to care for the grave.

James Gilchrist, a nephew of Joannette, came to Africa from Crieff, Perthshire, Scotland, to find the grave and mark it. He persuaded Clarke, a fellow Scot, to make one last expedition into the bush.

Uncanny Skill

With uncanny skill, Clarke, directed the way, remembering hills and rivers he had not seen for more than half a century.

At last, the two old men came to a clearing in the bush where Miss Gilchrist's grave lay beneath a big tree, covered with pebbles.

Nine trees, planted as saplings by local tribesmen at the time of the burial, surrounded the clearing like giant sentinels.

Clarke had given the local chief a few yards of galico and some beads at the time, and had asked the natives to care for the grave. The request had been carried out faithfully.—United Press.

American Business Firms Report:

\$10 Million Loss Through Bad Handwriting

New York.

Having trouble with your handwriting? Then there's a new organization in New York all geared to help you.

Improve your penmanship, it says, and you will enjoy greater success in getting a job, writing love letters and saving money in business.

"Business firms lost more than \$70,000,000 last year because of illegible handwriting," said Mr. Albert G. Frost, President of the Handwriting Foundation, Inc.

Mr. Frost cited the Illinois Bell Telephone Co. in Chicago which, he said, had been losing \$50,000 a year "because girls couldn't write call tickets plainly enough for the company to charge them." The company started a training programme and taught its employees to write more legibly.

And about those love letters. "People cherish neatly-written love letters, rather than the spidery type," Mr. Frost observed.

"Many job opportunities are lost because prospective employers get a poor impression from handwritten applications," he said.

The United States Post Office also wants people to improve their handwriting. In New York, for example, there were no less than 4,300,000 "dead letters" last year and the local post office depends on specialists called "hand readers" to decipher the difficult addresses.

One big trouble, Mr. Frost said, is that many schools no longer teach penmanship.

The Foundation's first members are mostly firms in the pen and pencil, ink, paper and allied writing fields, but any firm or individual may join the non-profit group.

"We oppose the thesis that unreadable handwriting is a sign of greatness," Mr. Frost said.—United Press.

DUST NEVER SETTLES IN HIS OFFICE

Chicago.

Mr. Richard R. Cook hasn't had his office dusted in weeks. And he's proud of it.

Mr. Cook, President of an electronic firm, has developed an equipment which he believes will be a boon to housewives and hay fever sufferers.

It takes dust and pollen out of the air.

Mr. Cook has one of the machines in his own office in a sooty factory neighbourhood near the railway tracks.

But there isn't a speck of dust around.

His wife hasn't had the curtains cleaned in the three years since he installed the unit, he said.

"And we haven't had to do any decorating either,"

Mr. Cook, an engineer by trade, began experimenting with the anti-dust device because his wife and three of his four children suffer from hay fever.

"We used to spend a lot of money on trips to get away from the pollen," he said. "Now we find it unnecessary."

The magnetic field thus set up causes the dust to adhere to the plates.

Mr. Cook began tinkering with the gadget in 1940. By 1941, he said, his firm had made 185 experimental models, but each gave off a certain amount of ozone.

"Most people think ozone is healthy," he said, "but in certain proportions it's more poisonous than the carbon monoxide fumes from your car."

It wasn't until 1941, he said, that the firm developed a model which gave off no ozone.

Mr. Cook said his first patented model was distributed through doctors to chronic hay fever sufferers.—United Press.

Inoculation Without A Needle

A New Development

Chicago, Feb. 22.

The Army reported last week that it has developed a less painful method of administering an inoculation—it requires no needle.

The device is an automatic injector which shoots a tiny jet of vaccine right through the skin, according to a report in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

The Armed Forces, the report said, have tested the new rapid-fire method and found it to be less painful than the needle injection.

Dr. Joel Warren of Walter Reed Army Medical Center, said the injection took one second to administer and that in trial runs, the Army had given triple typhoid vaccine to as many as 1,085 persons a day.

Automatic 'Pistol'

He said the device is run by a motor-driven hydraulic pump. The injector unit is built like an automatic pistol with two triggers. The lower releases and cocks the piston, and the upper trigger "fires," he said.

Dr. Warren said that to give the shot the nozzle of the injector is placed against the arm, the operator pulls the trigger, waits about one second, and it's all over.

Pulling the lower trigger readies the injection for the next man, he said.

Besides speeding up mass injections, Dr. Warren said, the device was an improvement since it did not require sterilization after each shot.—United Press.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



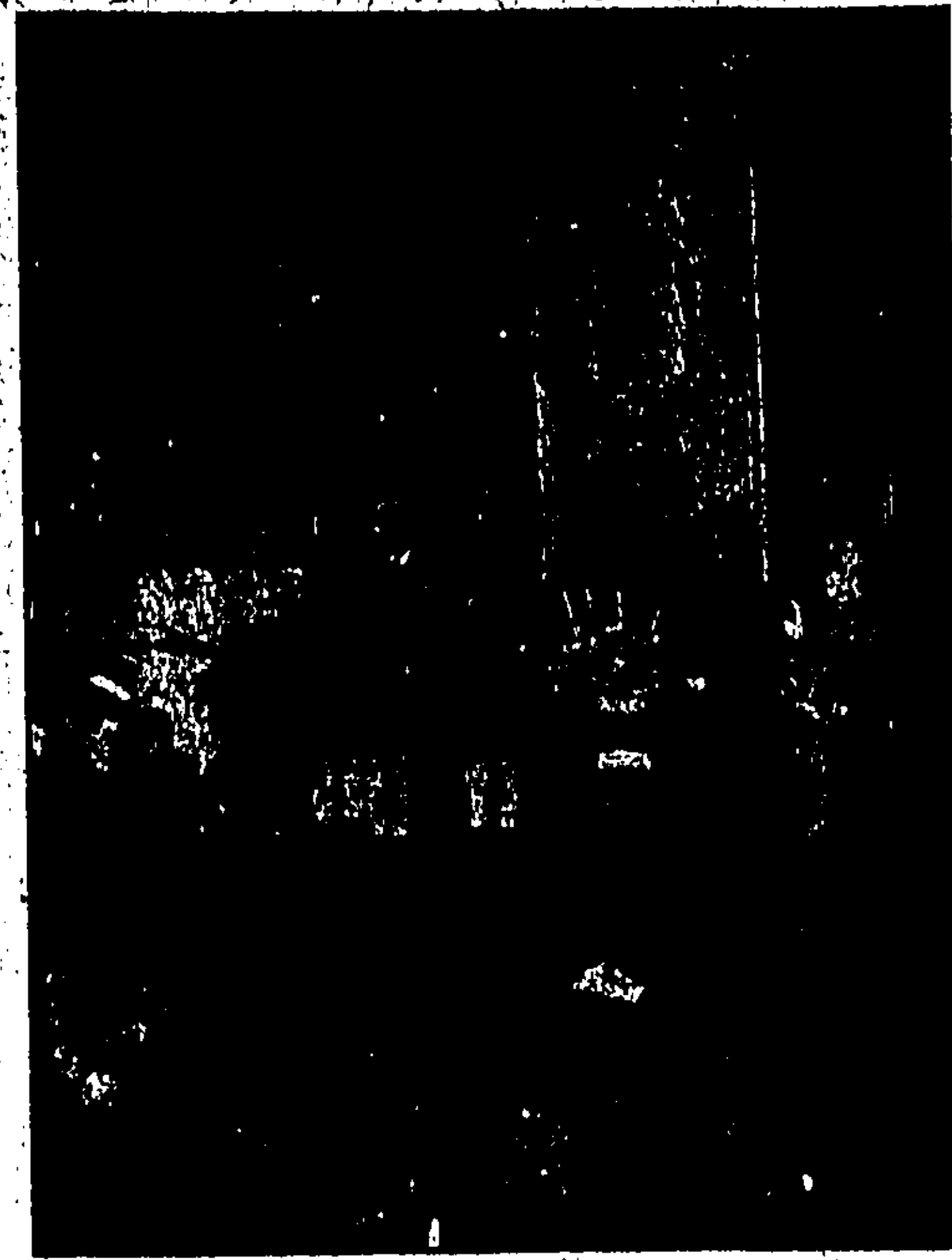
MIKE HAWTHORN, noted British racing driver, and Mrs Lorna Snow snapped at a May-fair party given in honour of Miss Sheila Van Damm, leader of the British team who won the women's cup in the Monte Carlo Rally. Party talk was mostly of cars — and the rally. (Express)



MRS Bessie Braddock, Socialist M.P. for Liverpool (Exchange), chosen their heart-throb of 1955 by the crew of the submarine Scythian. She has sent them seven signed photographs of herself. "I'm thrilled," said Mrs Braddock. "This is the first time I've been told that I have been chosen as a pin-up." (Express)



COLONEL Alexander Paterson Scotland, late of M.I.5, at whose home Scotland Yard men recently seized a quantity of documents. The War Office last year banned publication of his book, "London Cage." It was said that it would break the Official Secrets Act. (Express)



A prayer meeting at India House attended by the Indian Prime Minister, Mr Nehru, who was in London for the conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, and his sister, Mrs Vijayalakshmi Pandit, who is the Indian High Commissioner. Mrs Pandit read the Lesson. (Express)



THE "Tiger Woman" has been found. Former Epstein model Betty May (right) turned up last week in London in answer to a request from the publishers of her autobiography, who had not heard of her for 20 years. "Won't it be fun if they have accumulated some royalties for me?" said this gay glamour girl of the 1920's. She has again been making the London headlines. (Express)



RIGHT: Mrs Mal Zetterling, the film star, gets down from her Messerschmidt "Tricar." Snapshot taken on her arriving for the party given in London by Mrs Leslie Slot to promote the charity premiere of the film, "Prize of Gold," in aid of the Royal London Society for the Blind. (Express)



HERE is lovely 18-year-old French actress Nicole Berger in the lace dress she wore for a British television programme in which she took part. (Express)



A Hongkong girl at the Vic-Wells Costume Ball, held at the Lyceum, London. She is Chen Yu, star of the comedy, "Teahouse of the August Moon." (Express)



RIGHT: Two students of Reading University, Tearlach Mackean and Arthur Shepherd, who lived three days in a cave dressed in sackcloth to see what things were like for the ancient Britons. (Express)

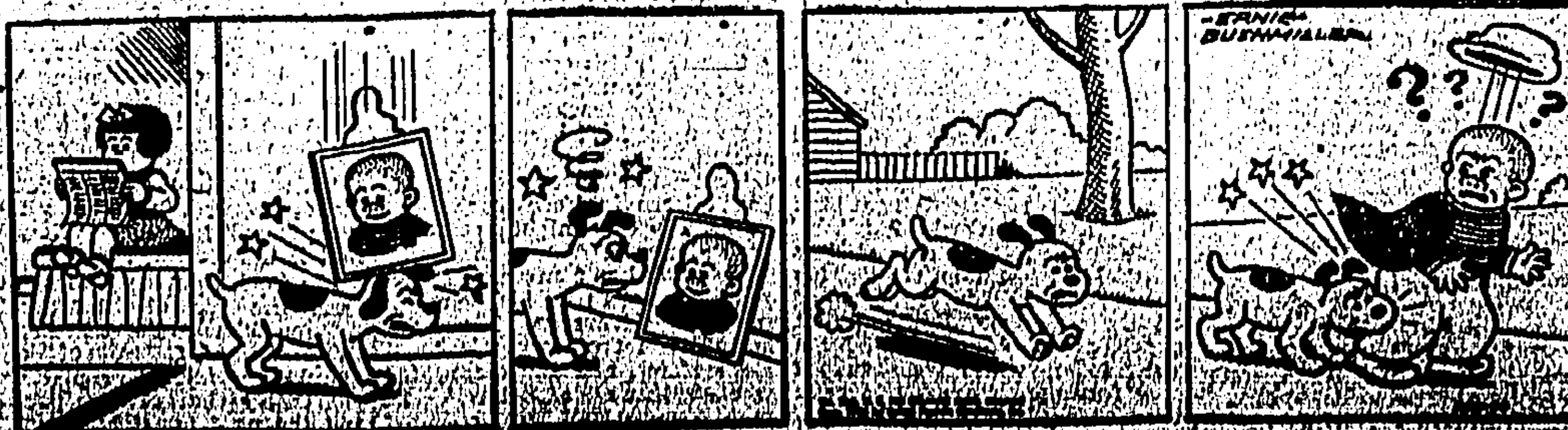


IT'S bewildering when you find yourself a champion, with your newlywed wife kissing you and your mother hugging you . . . and that's how it was with Dal Dower after he won the British flyweight title at Harringay. (Express)

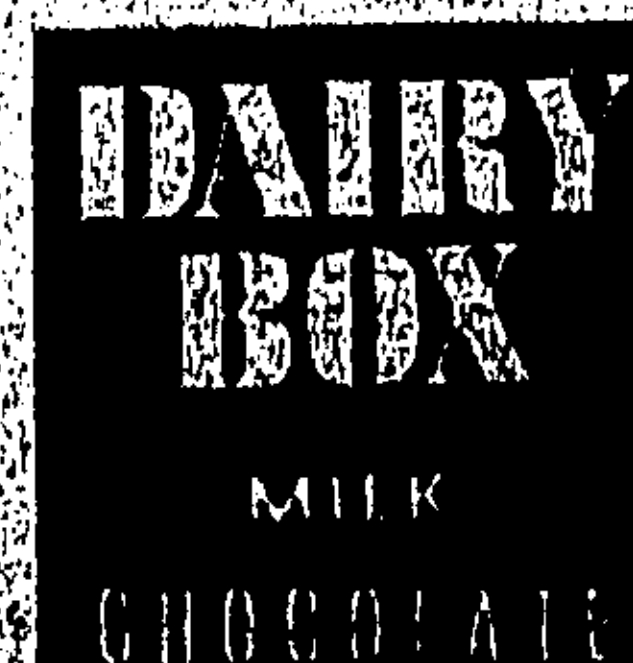


CHARLIE CHAPLIN seen with Lord and Lady Jowitt at the Dickens Fellowship dinner held at the Cafe Royal, London. Mr. Chaplin proposed the toast to the author. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller





"There be boy Willie—mended everything for 80 years with a bit of binding twine and carrying on about Malenkov's agricultural policy."

London Express Service

Bill McGowan tells one of the world's strangest stories

THE LEVITATION OF DANIEL HOME

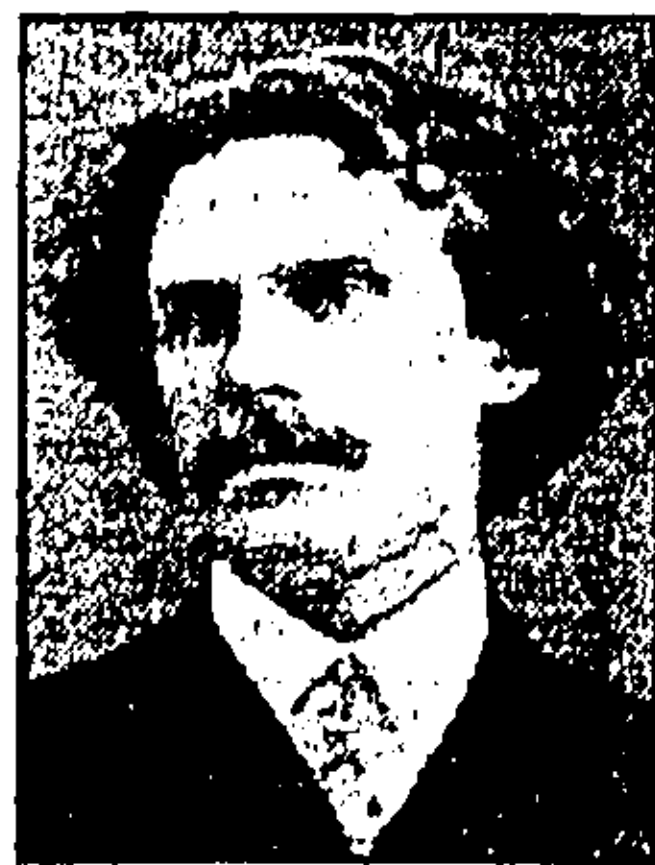
"Presently Home appeared standing outside our window. He opened the window and walked in quite coolly."

ON the face of it that doesn't seem a very strange story... until I add one important detail. The window happened to be three storeys above the ground.

In an apartment at Ashley House on a December night in 1868 Daniel Douglas Home, the most famous spiritualistic medium of the Victorian age—perhaps of any age—performed an apparently miraculous feat of levitation which has never been satisfactorily explained. It was performed at a private seance before three witnesses who have left their accounts of what they saw.

They were not hysterical types; they were not emotional young women or easily-stirred adolescents. They were men of the world and Army officers, difficult men to hoax or hoodwink. One of them was Lord Adare, an alert young Guards officer, a sporting type whose interests ranged from racing to big game hunting.

His monodic may have given some people a false impression, but Lord Adare was no ordinary "Pleasant Johnny." Only a year previously he had reported the Abyssinian War for the Daily Telegraph. With him in that third-floor room at Ashley House were his cousin, Captain Charles Wynne, and their friend the Master of Lindsay, who afterwards became the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres.



"He went out of the window horizontally, head first... and came in again feet foremost..."

powers the more closely, and wrote a book as the result. "Experiences in Spiritualism with D. D. Home." The book was written in the form of letters or reports, to his father, the Earl of Dunraven, who was interested in psychic matters and urged his son to take careful notes of his observations. The book was so strongly criticised that it was withdrawn, but was republished in 1924 when the author wrote in his preface, "To the best of my ability I scrupulously examined certain strange phenomena which came under my observation, and faithfully recorded the facts."

Lord Adare tells the story of the levitation at Ashley House in much more dramatic style,

heightened by his occasional use of dialogue. Here are his words:

"Home went into a trance... he was both elongated and raised in the air. He spoke in a whisper, as though the spirits were arranging something. He then said to us, 'Do not be afraid and on no account leave your places.' He went out into the passage. Lindsay suddenly said, 'Oh good heavens! I know what he is going to do; it is too fearful.'"

"Adare: 'What is it?'"

"Lindsay: 'I cannot tell you, it is too horrible! Adare (the spirit of Adare issues Menken,

along the wall in the air he would have been much astonished. Adare, shut the window in the next room."

"I got up, shut the window, and in coming back remarked that the window was not raised a foot and that I could not think how he had managed to squeeze through. He arose and said, 'Come and see.' I went with him. He told me to open the window as it was before. I did so; he told me to stand a little distance off; he then went first, quite rapidly, his body being nearly horizontal and apparently rigid."

"He came in again, feet foremost; and we returned to the other room."

This was not the only occasion when Home's powers of levitation were demonstrated, observed and recorded. At Easter in 1866 he gave a demonstration at Campden Hill for a small group consisting of Lady Dunstun, Mrs Henry Senior, and his friends Mr and Mrs Samuel Carter.

respective editors of The London Art Journal and The St James's Magazine, of which we have this account:

"In a very few moments his hands became perfectly rigid and it was evident that they were not moved by his own volition. Very loud and heavy knocks were heard. Mr Home was then raised up to the ceiling, which he touched."

Almost as sensational as his powers of defying the law of gravity was Home's habit of elongating himself. Like an india rubber man. One description of this is contained in a letter by a well-known barrister, Mr H. D. Jackson, published in the London Spiritual Magazine of January, 1868. This says:

"Lord Adare was seated next to Mr Home, who had passed into a trance state, in which, after uttering a most beautiful and solemn prayer, he alluded to the protecting spirits whose mission is to act as guardian angels to men. 'The one who is to protect you,' he said, addressing Lord Adare, 'is as tall as this.' And, upon so saying, Mr Home grew taller and taller; as I stood next to him (my height is 5ft.) I hardly reached up to his shoulder, and in the glass opposite he appeared a full head taller than myself. The extension appeared to take place from the waist and the clothing separated eight to ten inches. Walking to and fro, Mr Home specially called our attention to the fact of his feet being firmly planted on the ground. He then grew shorter and shorter, until he only reached my shoulder, his waistcoat overlapping to the hip."

He demonstrated his gifts before Napoleon III and the Czar of Russia, who treated him as an honored guest. He was never detected in any form of trickery, and his manifestations to this day are completely unimpaired.

He incurred severe criticism as the result of a lawsuit by an old woman who had "adopted" him and demanded the recovery of £20,000, which she alleged he had obtained from her while she was under his "mystic influence." He was also criticised for appearing on the stage as a "straight" actor. His disciples included Elizabeth Barrett Browning. But her husband was far from approving in his wife's beliefs, for Robert Browning pilloried Home in his poem "Mr Sludge, the Medium."

Mr Cornelius Remoulds Mr Harvey

By THOMAS WISEMAN

London. PRAISE had humbled Laurence Harvey—comparatively, that is. I went to Walton-on-Thames to have lunch with him one day and found a subdued Mr Harvey comparing himself only once to Sir Laurence Olivier; never to Sir John Gielgud.

He was wearing high-necked, monogrammed Russian pyjamas, smoking a long cigarette through a longer holder and rhapsodising about Shakespeare.

We were at the film studio where Mr Harvey was working in the film I am a Camera. He was dressed for the title role.

Next to him, unsmiling and unshaven, sat director Henry Cornelius.

The director cut bluntly into the star's colloquy.

"Larry," he said, "what have you been trying to do to un-Romeo you, un-Hamlet you?"

Mr Harvey winced, called to the camera waitress for "more vino," but registered no protest.

In his dressing-room were a wad of cuttings from American newspapers scolding him (Romeo. So he did not need to protest too much.

"If, boys," he said, "the Shakespeare stuff is all right, I got out of the article. I was sitting at the desk when under."

noth," director Cornelius was saying.

Mr Harvey took it tranquilly. "The director continued: 'You've kept the veneer, Larry, and all its trappings because you happened to have them at the time of your initial success. But you can get rid of them now... come down to earth...'"

Mr Harvey's coffee-stained mop of hair overhanging his forehead scarcely quivered.

"But you see, Larry," he said calmly, "I don't want to be un-Romeoed."

'Hot water'

With the standard of acting being what it was, Mr Harvey could not let the side down by shattering Ruspens'.

He was expressing himself, I thought, with unusual restraint. I recalled the last time I had met him, at a flat in the Albany.

He was less subdued. He had said, with some poetic licence: "I have been washed, battered, mutilated, decapitated and massacred by the English critics. And I do care. I am deeply hurt. But it is better than being ignored. At least they can't ignore me."

It was the same with Olivier. He was 55 before he was taken.

raised. His Romeo was also damned."

Such statements have earned young Mr Harvey—he is only 26—a reputation for lack of modesty.

I warned him: "Look, Larry, there is no reason why you should not think a lot of yourself, but there is every reason why you should not confess it in public."

Mr Harvey said: "I am fairly outspoken. That gets me into hot water. Also it is true I am flamboyant. I was flamboyant in my cradle. But in relation to my art I am very humble."

He smiled. And said: "Well, there are degrees of humility."

Mr Harvey is, of course, something of an exhibitionist, for I do not say this disparagingly, for I am bored only by exhibitionists who have no personality to exhibit.

Mr Harvey has panache—and a sort of native ostentatiousness. His real name is Michael Siskind, and he was born in Lithuania.

As an unknown young actor he began living in style on his Army grant of £100, paying the bills in Baylis Lane, and

having every article of clothing, from shirts to shoes, tailored to measure.

"I value luxury only less than acting," he says.

Sometimes he spends as much as £150 a week. In America he paid £10 a night for a hotel room: "You have to live in the best hotels, otherwise it's torture."

You also have to drive in the best cars. So he bought himself a Cadillac; he would have felt conspicuous without one.

Thirty suits

In England he runs a Jaguar, and is now planning to buy an aeroplane. "You can get one for about £5,000," he says. "You do not have to have one that goes faster than sound."

As far as he can remember, he has about 30 suits and very little money in the bank.

"I like to live to the full every hour of the day. I can't grieve about what impression I give to other people. The things I say are not liked. I know. I can't please everyone. First they knock you up—and then when you are up, they say: 'Shut up, shut up! O.K. Shut him down.'"

And so, my readers, this is the man who would rather be a great actor



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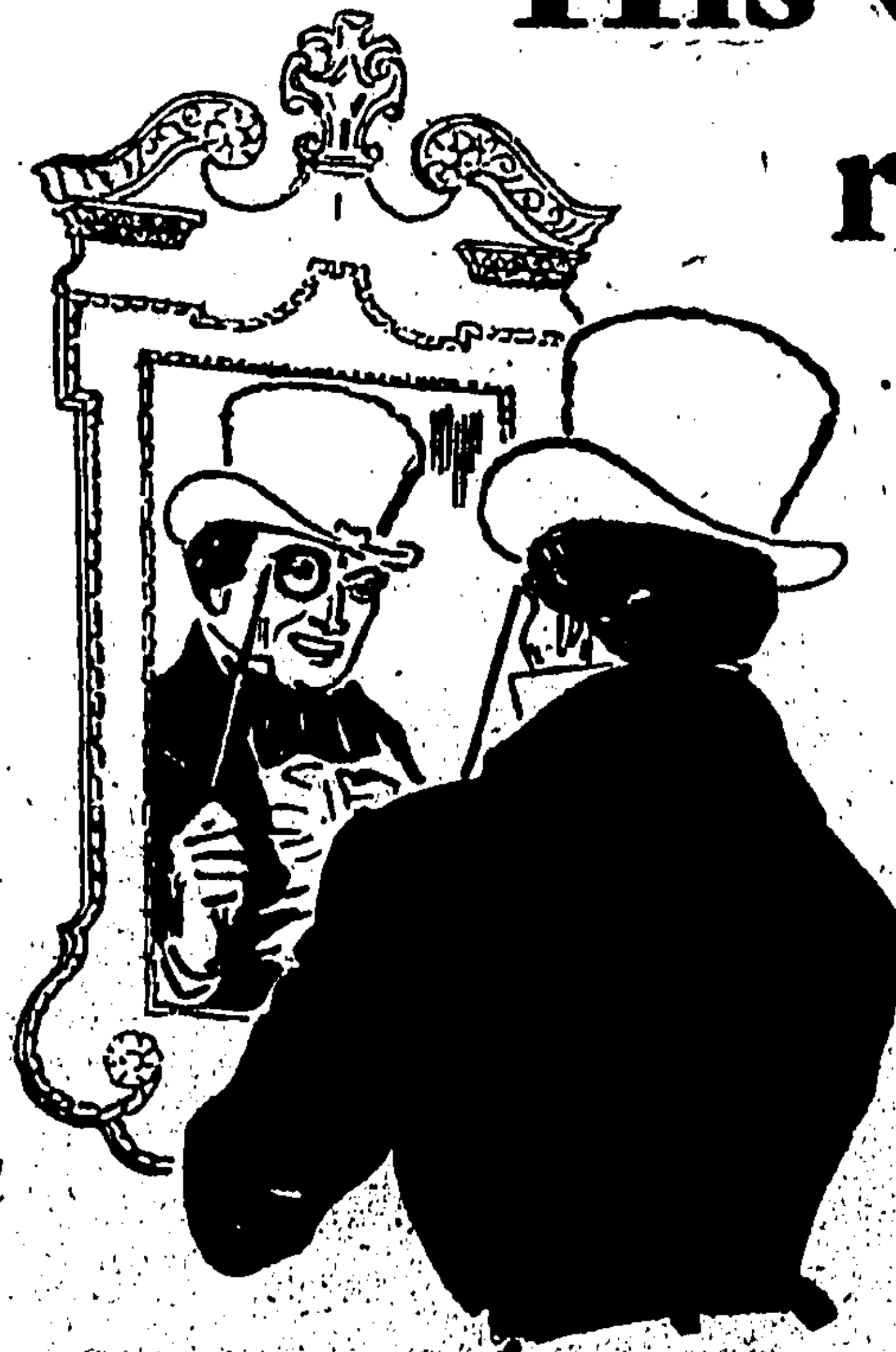
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The Yorkshire "Lawrence"

By J. W. TAYLOR

UP in Yorkshire, amid all the recently revived controversy concerning Lawrence of Arabia, they're talking about that other legendary figure of the desert—Walter Greenway, the Yorkshire "Lawrence," who forsook a life of crime to live in the desert as an Arab. There is talk, too, of putting back into print the two books written about him 40 years ago, telling most vividly the strange story of this exiled Yorkshireman whose exploits equaled in courage anything occurring during both World Wars.

In the winter of 1915, the then Sheffield Police Court Missionary, Mr. Robert Holmes, Greenway's only friend, began to receive the first of a series of remarkable letters from Mesopotamia, hurriedly scribbled in pencil on scraps of paper, letters that later provided Holmes with the main ingredients of his remarkable biography of Walter Greenway.

They told a strange story. Greenway, whose parents lived at Oxon, near Doncaster, spoke several languages. After working as a painter and printer, he became a clerk in Sheffield, but by the time he was 29 he was well on the crime road. Soon he had the record of nine convictions for burglary in four years. When arrested, he always made a pretence of being deaf and dumb.

Torture By Turks

The Sheffield court missionary finally helped him to join the crew of a ship bound for Colombo. Except for reports of having deserted ship, nothing was heard of Greenway for several years. Then Mr. Holmes began to receive the first of Greenway's letters from Mesopotamia. He learned that Greenway was working for the British by living as a Bedouin Arab, wandering between the Turkish and British lines and believed by the Turks to be a deaf-mute.

Another letter told of the tragic suffering he was to bear with such shortness of life. The Turks had become suspicious about him and had him arrested. They fired rifles close to his ears to see if he showed any signs of being able to hear. Greenway showed no signs of hearing. The

torture went on. Still no sign—and not a murmur from a very brave man. Then they used a big gun to fire near to him until his ears and nose bled. His finger nails were torn out and he was burnt with hot iron. Still they could not break him down.

Finally the Turks were convinced of his innocence of spying and of his deafness. They prayed for forgiveness for thus torturing a man already afflicted and treated him kindly. Greenway finally got back to the British lines with valuable information.

Permanent injury to Greenway's health, however, had been caused by the tortures. Gangrene in his injured fingers led to the amputation of his left arm. When sufficient strength had returned to him he disappeared to rejoin his Arab wife and his three children.

Meanwhile, there had been no news of him at Sheffield for a long time, but finally Mr. Holmes received the letters which were to be the last Walter Greenway was to write.

Faithful Wife

They were wrapped in grass and leaf specimens and told how, still weak from his treatment by the Turks, Greenway slowly made his way to his Arab home to find it had been destroyed and all his possessions were found there unconscious and in a fever by his faithful wife, who had been searching long and far for her missing husband. She nursed him back to something like health, and soon he was off on more desert and other escapades for the British cause.

Once he figured in a daring exploit. He planted three bombs to blow up enemy ammunition dumps. The bombs were German-made. He intended to be placed by Arabs in the holds of British ships when sailing. Greenway, the one time burglar, stole the bombs and turned them on the enemy.

Soon, however, his health began to fail. The end of the story was received in Sheffield from a British medical officer, who reported that an Arab woman had brought her English husband, to whom she was devoted, to the hospital, where he had died shortly afterwards. Greenway's wife was heartbroken at his tragic death and was eventually taken away by her father, a Bedouin sheik.

Mr. Robert Holmes, who later wrote two books from these letters and some research on the strange life of the criminal he had befriended, died only four years ago.



JULIAN SYMONS introduces a new series about people who have gambled with fortune: **SIX PLAYED WITH FIRE**. First, the man who became the idol of the miners... A. J. Cook.

IN 1926 the most-loved and the most-execrated man in Britain was a golden-haired, youthful-looking orator, a man whose blue eyes were oddly innocent behind their horn rims. His name was Arthur James Cook, and he was the Secretary of the Miners' Federation.

He was the central figure in the bitterest social struggle that took place between the wars, a struggle which caused a State of Emergency to be maintained in the country for seven months.

For good, said householders Cook was the reddest possible symbol of Red revolution. From the time he became the Miners' Secretary in 1924 he delighted in outraging the respectable. He said that he was proud to be a follower of Lenin. He said that he was one of the Big Five in labour politics, and that he would be more important yet. Sir William Joynton-Hicks, the Home Secretary, issued a solemn warning that Cook intended to destroy the British Empire. Cook was delighted. "What an Empire," he said on the platform, "I say to hell with such an Empire."

The miners idolised him. He was a leader spring from themselves, a man who really knew something practical about a miner's hardships. He had worked underground in South Wales for 21 years, becoming converted in the process from a Baptist lay preacher to a Socialist orator.

In private life he was boisterous but gentle, a man who had a way with children. On the platform he was a tiger. In speeches of blistering power he attacked the coal owners, the Government, other Labour leaders. He had a brilliant gift of mimicry, a talent for coining phrases, and a power of rousing enthusiasm natural to a one-time revivalist preacher. "I am the gramophone of the men I represent," he said, and they loved the tune he played.

ALL ALONE

COOK'S hour came at the end of the General Strike. The other unions went back to work. The miners stayed out to settle their dispute with the owners.

In essence the dispute was simple. The owners wanted the miners to accept a reduction of wages or an increase on the seven-hour underground working day. The miners refused. The Government offered a subsidy for the miners with an immediate reduction of wages for everybody earning more than 45s. a week.

Cook staked his personal popularity and his political future on the success of the miners' strike. He knew the risks he was taking. When he first became Secretary of the Miners' Federation he had projected a grand alliance with the road transport, railway and other unions.

He had said that it would be fatal for the miners to act alone. Now they were acting alone—and he was their spokesman. He proclaimed: "I hold the most important position in the country today," and in a sense he was right.



ABOVE: Herbert Smith, the miners' president. He thought the strike would end in a few weeks and in victory.



BELOW: The young Ernest Bevin. He detested Cook.



The odds were against him. He was detested by Jimmy Thomas, leader of the railway workers, and by Ernest Bevin of the transport workers. On the General Council of the TUC he had hardly a friend. Even within his own Miners' Federation there was a party prepared to accept the Government's terms.

THE GREAT GAMBLERS

His slogans split a nation, he was the tiger with the golden tongue



ARTHUR JAMES COOK they sent him a gun.

His position was not helped by the constant rumours that he was in Moscow's pay. For their own reasons the Russians contributed towards the miners' strike fund, but Cook was not in anybody's pay. He was a political adventurer eager for power, whose only weapons were a golden tongue, a personality of impulsive charm—and the trust placed in him by the miners.

Cook was a great collier of slogans, and he began the campaign with some slogans which were enthusiastically adopted. "Not a penny off the pay; not a second on the day," was the most famous of them.

He rejected the suggestion that hours might be lengthened in a further speech. "Eight hours? If grass is growing on every pit, we will never consent to any lengthening of the working day."

He made this speech at Radstock and collapsed at the end of it, falling off the platform to the grass with an attack of sickness. As he toured the country, making two or more speeches daily, these collapses became frequent. He appeared, pale, haggard and hoarse, to address three large meetings in Clydebank and Glasgow, and to meet several deputations of workers, all in one day.

After this he collapsed completely and had to rest, reviving only to answer accusations by Jimmy Thomas and others that he had betrayed the miners by refusing to negotiate. His supporters said that he was the greatest trade union leader of the century.

At the beginning of the stoppage Cook, and the Miners' president Herbert Smith, never doubted that if the miners held out for a few weeks they would gain their demands. But the strike went on for month after month, with no giving way on either side.

ARREST HIM

THE miners suffered two heavy blows. The first was when the Government, in spite of their expressed impartiality, ranged themselves on the side of the owners by passing the Eight Hours Bill, which made legal provision for the proposed extra hour. Baldwin confidently expected that this would end the dispute, and it might have done so but for Cook. In Warwickshire and Nottinghamshire men trickled back to work, but his visits to the areas brought them out again.

He coined a new slogan: "Back to work we go on the status quo."

Retention of the status quo—the same rates of pay and before work that they had before the General Strike—was what the miners asked for. It was more apparent each week that the owners and the Government had no intention of letting them get it.

The second blow to the miners came when the railwaymen, much influenced by Jimmy

Thomas, agreed to handle imported coal in large quantities. This made the strike much less effective, and more than anything else inflamed tempers on either side.

Cook, as always, was the sparking point for trouble. He received a dozen letters a week threatening his life, which he read out effectively on platforms. He also showed on the platform the revolver with six bullets which had been sent to him, with the message: "Shoot yourself."

As his speeches became more nearly revolutionary he was forbidden to address meetings in South Wales and Staffordshire. Questions were asked in Parliament as to why he was not arrested. The answer, which was not given at the time, was that the Government had no intention of letting Cook play the role of martyr.

The hand of Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin guided the masterly inactivity of the Government in dealing with the strike. More clearly than his Cabinet, Baldwin realised that with a steady supply of imported coal available, the strike was certain to fail.

At one point Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, met Cook and Smith in Downing Street, was impressed by the concessions they

offered, and tried to induce the owners to meet them. This idea obtained no support from Baldwin, and it was dropped.

These deliberate do-nothing tactics were effective. The drift back to work began again in the Midlands, and quickly increased.

In a last attempt to stop it Cook and Smith organised a "Council of War" of MPs and officials to tour disaffected areas. Cook's own speeches were those of an angry and desperate man. He accused those who went back to work of accepting bribes, and said: "They have sold their souls and their children." But neither speeches nor platform tears and breakdowns had much effect.

The touring speakers became known throughout the country as "Cook's Circus," and their proceedings took on a farcical aspect. When a meeting of the Council of War was arranged in the Blackboy Hotel at Nottingham, a party of 40 young local business men planned to kidnap Cook, carry him to the market place, and tie him there with the Union Jack round his waist. The attempt failed, and in fact, excited some sympathy for Cook; but sympathy was no use now. The drift back to work had become a flood.

The stoppage ended in a complete triumph for Baldwin's policy. The terms on which the miners returned varied from district to district, but almost everywhere they had to accept longer hours and often a slight reduction in wages. The fruit of the strike was a bitterness and sense of betrayal among the miners which lingers still.

FORGOTTEN

HAD Cook's gamble succeeded he would have become the most influential figure among British labour leaders. He failed, and he was forgotten. He remained Secretary of the Miners' Federation for the five years he had left to live, but exerted little influence over policy. When he made suggestions they were almost moderate and conciliatory. On the platform the tiger was tame.

A. J. Cook ended his life having suffered the saddest fate that can befall a rebel. He had become respectable. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED.

NEXT SATURDAY

The man who went on trial with a revolver in his pocket.

Have You Ever Seen A Tummy Dancing?

Damascus. "HAVE you ever seen the Tummy Dance?" asked the Emir.

We were sitting in the famous marble hall of the Orient Hotel, Damascus. We had finished the innumerable dishes of a typical Arab dinner and washed down the meal with several glasses of arak, the native drink.

When I replied, "No" to his question, the Emir (local Province Commander) took a giant puff from his hookah, stared meditatively at the little bubbles of air which rose to the surface of the glass bowl, and suggested I be ready at 6 a.m. the next morning.

I was—and, for the remainder of my life, the village of Deir-el-Aadass, nearly one hundred miles south of Damascus, off the macadam road leading to Jordan, will rest in my memory as one of the

strangest experiences in thirty years of travel.

As the station-wagon bronched the top of a small hill, I looked down upon what, at first sight, seemed a collection of half eggshells standing on end. This, the Emir assured me, was Deir-el-Aadass, which his family had literally owned for nearly five hundred years.

As we entered the one main street of the village, a crowd of semi-naked children, and twenty of the male "elders" came forward to greet us. I noticed there were no women among the onlookers.

Roasted Lambs

After many internal greetings between the Emir and his followers (and cordial handshakes with the strange "Ingiliz"), we were escorted to the largest of the "half eggshells"—the Emir's country residence.

This "residence" turned out to be a mud and cow-dung structure, about eighteen feet high, the same diameter at the base and tapering to a point. The small opening at the top allowed the smoke from a charcoal brazier to escape. The only other source of light or air was the low narrow door.

So much for the primitive structure. The furnishings, on the other hand, were dazzling in their luxury. There were luxurious divans, priceless carpets and gold embroidered cushions. There were riches piled upon riches.

Lunch consisted of two 48-hour old lambs, roasted whole, over a wood fire, sweet potatoes, and "yards" of native bread.

Ten of the "elders" had been invited and the twelve of us sat on cushions in a circle in the centre of the "room." Six women had been preparing ready meal, and when it was brought to the door—but no further. Two of the youngest men then carried it to the waiting circle of men, and placed it in their midst.

All of which is explained by the fact that women in this part of the world are regarded as so inferior to men that the Emir would never have considered allowing any of his four wives to dine with him.

The tiny lambs had now been cut into reasonably small portions, and we set to with the oldest culinary implements in the world—fingers and thumbs. There followed mighty belching (a polite sign of enjoyment) from all the guests, and this chorus announced the end of the bizarre meal.

The Emir now clapped his hands and we moved back, forming a semi-circle against the mud and dung wall, while four young boys cleared away the debris of the meal. At the same time four wizened old men entered, each carrying his Arab "musical" in the form of violin... or tom-tom... style machines.

Now for the dancing—and the tummy dancers that few people really believe exist.

Six Beauties

Softly, softly the "drums" start up—gently, gently, the "violins" join them. Suddenly, the sunshine streaming through the open door is blocked out. Into the room, six of the most beautiful Syrian girls I have yet seen in this strange wild country. Their young breasts are covered with small silver and gold shields, and from their hips swing fine gossamer skirts.

Without moving shoulders or feet—not a fraction of an inch—the young bodies begin swaying. To and fro, side to side, in unison with the pagan music. But now the music quickens, the drums take on a more imperative beat, and, unbelievably yet, I see the stomachs of the dancers move slowly round and round perfectly clearly—just their stomachs—while the remainder of the body remains motionless. Completely motionless.

One of the dancers now takes a step forward, while the others form a "chorus" behind her. Faster and faster sound the "drums" and the "violins".

Enticing yet denying, the mobile, sensual tumblers of the belly, they expressed the whole gamut of love. Glancing round at my Arab friends, I noticed their perceiving faces, open mouths and clenched hands.

Just when it seems the whole world is filled with shrieking, whirling music, and I can see nothing but tumbling, twisting tumblers, the Emir claps his hands and there is a sudden silence like the moment after a bomb burst. Then the dancers collapse on the floor, sobbing breathlessly and stretching out sticky hands to catch the shower of silver coins that their patrons disdaintfully throw down.

A few hours later I was back in my hotel. I thought of the dancers—and listened to the music of "Don Alfonso" and his Six Sack Saxophones. More often as if the ever-mysterious passions of the East were somehow stirring in my own blood, I thought of the mad, wild, rising crescendo of strange music and the tumbling dancers, dancing... dancing...

Charles Anderson

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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FANTASTIC EXPLOITS OF THE CLOAK AND DAGGER SQUADRON

The closely-guarded war secrets of the Royal Air Force's most amazing unit revealed for the first time

By LESLIE MONTGOMERY

(AS TOLD TO GORDON THOMAS)

THE winking green light bathed the interior of the bomber. I wriggled uneasily on the hard seat. Nothing must stop us now. At 800 feet we crawled towards the Hook of Holland, spotlight by garish moonbeams that made us an easy target. An uncomfortable peace soothed occupied Europe on this cold night of October 29, 1942.

The tension was razor-sharp as the foam-flecked Dutch coast glinted below. The green light switched to red.

Somewhere started in the aircraft's waist, then lumbered towards the floor. They swung open, letting in an icy wind. The lumpy, muffled figure slithered closer to the hatch, paused for a moment, then vanished into the night.

I had dropped my first spy in World War Two—and become a fully-fledged member of the RAF's most fantastic squadron. It was known as 138 Squadron, stationed at Tempford, in rural Bedfordshire. But few people knew that we were the first special air squadron to ferry agents and drop supplies to resistance forces in Europe.

Back in Tempford Operations Room, a tiny flag was stuck in a giant wall map at the spot we had dropped the spy. There were thousands of flags, from the tip of Norway to the remotest part of Austria. Dozens clustered around Paris, Oslo, Copenhagen, Brest and Brussels. The tell-tale flags even appeared near Berlin and the Bavarian Alps. Each flag pointed to a successful spy drop.

TOP SECRET

Britain's Cloak and Dagger Squadron was formed during the darkest days of the war. Months of careful planning and selection passed before the squadron started operating in March 1942 from Tempford.

I joined them six months later. I was a Wireless Operator—responsible for signalling base when a spy had been dropped. A lot of what we did is still top secret—and will stay like that forever. Our methods are being copied in various parts of the world today. But nobody will be able to copy the glory that belonged to the original Flying Pampers!

I reported to 138 Squadron in late September 1942. In my pocket was a typewritten slip of paper which said: "Posted to Tempford for special duties." What these duties might be, I had no idea. Nor did the airman who drove me from Sandy railway station to the aerodrome seek to enlighten me.

All I could see as I neared Tempford was an airfield that seemed deserted. Nothing more than a collection of empty Nissen huts and hangars, looking on to narrow runways that cut through lush green fields.

For three weeks nobody told me why I was in the camp. My comrades were friendly but evasive.

MYSTERIES

Many things puzzled me—the two farms, complete with duck pond, that stood in the middle of the aerodrome, and had guards instead of farm animals in the yards. Aircraft stood idle all day, yet sneaked skywards in the small hours. And there seemed far too many armed guards patrolling at night.

At the end of three weeks, my new Commanding Officer advised me to go to the mess. Without preamble, he ran over my Service career, noting that I had logged 584 flying hours. "Now, you have been selected for a special task—helping the underground in Europe," he continued.

"You have become a member of the RAF's most secret squadron. Everyone here is sworn to secrecy; every man and woman from me down to the charwoman have been chosen with special care.

"Don't ask questions, and don't answer any—not even to your wife. You will be told all you need to know."

A quick handshake, and I was out of his office. Everything made sense now. The farms were covers for supply stores. The lonely planes that took off in darkness were spy carriers. The extra guards were to stop anyone from finding out about our work.

For three years, the squadron delivered arms, ammunition, radio sets, food and other supplies to all the underground fighters from the Arctic Circle to the South of France. We dropped thousands of crates, parcels, and letters—these mysterious to British agents with the message:

For the Norwegians, we parachuted skis and sleds. For the French Maquis, jeeps, mortars, bicycles and tyres—made in England, but disguised with French trade marks.

Every one of our adventures started in the Briefing Room, guarded 24 hours a day by men who had orders to shoot first and ask questions later. As soon as an operation started, the airfield was sealed off. The two public telephone boxes were chained and padlocked, and the station exchange vetted all calls. The gates were closed, and the guards increased their vigilance. It was like sitting on a gun-powder keg.

BRIEFING

The Briefing Room was lined with maps, plots and charts. A blackboard for sketching in further details stood on a shallow dais. Streamers indicated the spy-dropping routes. Here were worked out details which meant the difference between life and death.

General briefing over—during which the C.O. gave a broad outline of the operation—we were then briefed by intelligence officers. They introduced the "Vegetable Code" for the night.

All flags were divided into areas, and given vegetable code names. Holland, for instance, was known as "Marrow" and spies dropped there were called "Marrowers."

Next, we were told the Ground Reception Letter—a Morse code symbol that changed daily, and helped us to identify real dropping zones from German faked ones.

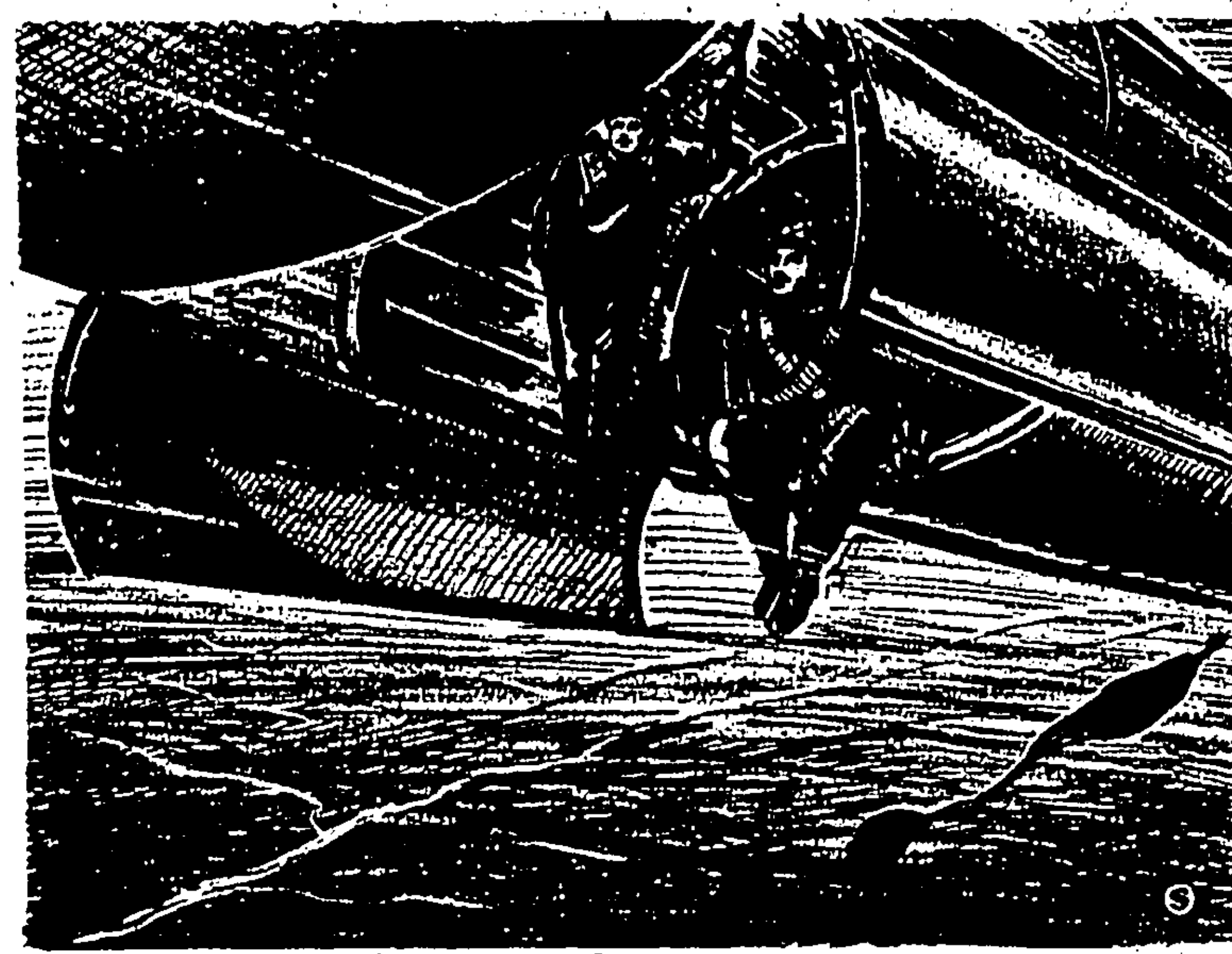
Shortly before take-off, we had our final instructions. But in between there was a lot to be done. Flak positions had to be studied and noted. New ones were always springing up along a spy-dropping route. Equipment had to be checked and parachutes collected. And everybody tried to get as much rest as possible.

Meanwhile, the agents were being briefed. A blacked-out car brought them to the aerodrome a few hours before take-off. Intelligence officers searched them. A bus ticket, a cigarette stub, a teller's tag—any of these might lead to death before a German firing squad.

This was brought home to a spy one night. He had been searched, had drunk a toast to the success of his trip, had shaken hands with senior officers on the aerodrome. And all the time, a British penny stamp was clinging to the instep of his jumping boots.

I was down by the entrance hatch when the agent came aboard our Halifax. I tried to make conversation with him. But he was deep in thought and scarcely heard what was said.

Moonlight filtered into the aircraft—and possibly saved the



Waiting to jump... the jump-master and the spy watching the light signal.

spy's life. It spotted the stamp for me!

I crushed it between my fingers. The agent's eyes flickered for a moment. We both knew that if the stamp had been found blowing about a French village street, the Germans wouldn't have hesitated to wipe out the whole population—and the spy, if they found him.

Slip-ups like this were most unusual. Tempford had the most thorough intelligence officers in the world.

JUMP SUIT

Each spy was clad in a baggy jumping suit. In its spacious pockets were a revolver, a dagger, hard ration, a flashlight, first aid kit, radio parts and maps. Within easy reach was a suicide pill.

A rubber cushion was placed in the seat of the jumping suit, and waterproof cloth was wound round the agent's feet. Another completed his outfit.

Came our final instructions when we closely inspected large-scale maps of the dropping point. Trees, roads, railway lines—anything that would help us to find it—were memorised.

Then, pockets empty of anything that could trace us, we clambered into the bomber. Often, we waited an hour before going to the runway, each man alone with his thoughts. I always used to think of my wife, wondering what she was doing right then.

But a car would screech alongside, driving off thoughts of home away. In a flash, a bulky bundle of the spy—was helped aboard, and we were away.

I made 25 of these frightening trips—and never grew used to them. No man can really get accustomed to toying with death.

Most of the spies either slept or smoked during a trip. Their absence of nerves was in a way unnerving! They were all dead keen to jump. On the few occasions conditions stopped them, they almost cried!

Approaching a dropping point, the most important member of the crew was the Despatcher—a man responsible for seeing that an agent jumped from the aircraft at the correct time. But a lot could happen before a spy baled out.

I remember one night taking two French spies to a Dijon dropping point. We gained the French coast without trouble. Everything was going smoothly.

One moment the sky was empty; the next it was a cauldron of bursting shells, weaving searchlights and dodging aircraft. We were hit by a searchlight beam.

And jump they did. On landing in England, we saw that flak had demolished half the tail.

Unarmed Lysanders played a big part in our cloak and dagger methods. Come with me on one of these hair-raising trips.

It's a clear and frosty night in mid-December 1942. Down in Tempford village, the children are carol-singing and guessing what will be in their Christmas stockings.

At the aerodrome, the ground staff wheel a flimsy-looking Lysander out of a hangar. Quickly, the pilot gets in the cockpit, adjusting a map dropped to his knee. Slowly, but with gathering speed, the aircraft rumbles down the runway and takes off into the night. Soon, the French coast looms ahead. German aircraft spotters are puzzled by this odd-looking plane.

Was it one of theirs returning from a secret mission? Was it an Italian plane of course? By the time they had decided to investigate, the Lysander had reached its improvised landing strip. In seconds it touches down, never stops moving, and is airborne again. But this time it is carrying a couple of Allied agents back to safety.

IN A TRAP

But not all trips were so simple as that one.

I remember one night when a pilot took a Lysander across to France. He reached the landing field without incident. Foreboding flickered their signal to him. He nosed the aircraft earthwards. The wheels touched down. He rolled towards the torches.

Suddenly, he spotted them. Behind each torch was a heavily-armed German! He had

A HUSBAND ON THE SPOT FIGHTS BACK... By Anne Sharpley

PROVERBIALLY, the toughest spot for a husband to occupy is just outside the circle of limelight that surrounds a Hollywood star.

But Squadron Leader Anthony Bartley, DFC, was a hero in a different sort of way before he married Deborah Kerr in 1946. And at that time the social heroism of being a Hollywood husband was not demanded. Miss Kerr was a British star.

"We were very happy," recalls the man who married Miss Kerr. "I had my own job of selling aircraft for Vickers, and she had hers."

Then one day Miss Kerr woke up and found she had been asked to Hollywood. The unpredictable Gabriel passed her hand over his head. Miss Kerr's contract to MGM, who already held the other half, and wily ally Miss Kerr was a Big Hollywood Star.

When a husband is to do Squadron Leader Bartley took a big decision.

When ex-squadron leader Bartley found his film actress wife had been bought by Hollywood he might have become just 'the man who is married to Deborah Kerr.' But he decided that was not going to happen to him.

"If we were to have any sort of married life, it meant my career as an aircraft salesman had to go."

"I decided it would have to be show business for me, too. 'But I did refuse to do the obvious thing and go into MGM."

"No, I decided to try Television. This decision needed bravery of a kind, too."

Television was going through its 'early struggles' and implicated in those struggles was Squadron Leader (now plain Mr) Bartley.

"The struggling didn't stop. But Mr Bartley had an idea and he stuck to it."

It was to make TV series for America in Britain. He has had two attempts.

"I produced the first films at Walton-on-Thames for American TV. Later, with Douglas Fairbanks, I did another series. And Mr Bartley had another idea that first series. This was to make a series on the Foreign Legion, with Errol Flynn starring. 'I have been selling this idea for three years.'"

Today the ex-fighter pilot—39 now, father of two daughters, Melanie, eight, and Francesca, four—looks like prancing his target.

He has been signed up by the giant Columbia Broadcasting System as "Foreign Representative."

He has sold them his Errol Flynn script. He has agreed, and the filming will take place almost at once in England and North Africa.

Only one thing remains to get English commercial TV interested in the series we well. Mr Bartley does not feel it will be difficult.

The slightly nasal tones adopted by Mason, Granger, Simmons.

Why? "Because we have to get over this strange language barrier. English simply isn't understood in parts of America."

And Mr Bartley will be something which is in its way more startling than a New Englishman. He will be an "ocean commuter."

The Atlantic is not going to provide any obstacle to his marriage, nor any interruption to his career either, this time.

He expects to do the two-way crossing at least 30 times this year.

"I shall be able to work-end with Deborah almost as frequently as I did when I was in the U.S.A. It's so easy. Just 11 hours to New York over Friday night and I can be back in my London office on Monday. Home for the Bartley family will soon be in Greenwich, Connecticut."

Mr Bartley has destroyed two myths—that war heroes don't succeed in civilian life and that husbands of film stars are unsuccessful politicians.

He may have ditched his previous career, but he will succeed in civilian life and that husbands of film stars are successful politicians.

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The TOP POPS go in search of a SONG

DAVID LEWIN
spotlights
Dickie Valentine
David Whitfield

I WENT searching for a song one day with Dickie Valentine and David Whitfield, Britain's top two "pop" singers. We went to London's Tin Pan Alley, which is off Charing Cross Road, and has an outpost in Bond Street in the west.

Searching for a song is just like shopping for a pair of shoes—only there is no cash transaction. All that is needed is to persuade Dickie Valentine or David Whitfield that a song fits them perfectly. They can take it home with them, and the publisher waits for the first gramophone record sales for his money.

In Denmark Street big, friendly Jimmy Phillips greeted us in his office at the Peter Maurice Music Company. He pointed at David Whitfield and said: "Got just the thing for you here, David. Came in from America last night. It's called 'I Wonder' and it's right in the style of 'I Believe'."



A pianist played it through, Whitfield, 28 years old, hummed it first, then picked up a line or two here and there. Then his own musical director, bearded Reg Warburton, played it.

Whitfield read the words closely. "The words have to attract me first," he said. "These are good—I can go along with them."

He sang a few lines:—

"I wonder how each mother knows what babies try to say, How little children learn to walk—and some day walk away."

Whitfield broke off and said: "You see, I've got a little boy of my own—Lance is three—and I know the meaning of that line. I could sing it."

Jimmy Phillips hovered near, "It's kicking big in America," he said. "They're biting it there."

But Whitfield shook his head. "It's a good song," he said. "But it is not for me. It would be out of my character. If I sang it, it would need more behind it—and, anyway, people would think I was trying to croon it, and crooning isn't my style."

Dickie Valentine, 25 years old, came closer to the piano and listened to "I Wonder" again. "It's not too fast—and it



VALENTINE

A song with a beat

"Here's a new one for you, Dickie," said Holmes. "Called 'Tika Tika Tok.' It's got a clap-hands beat."

Valentine sang it through, leaning over the piano. "I like to have a beat behind a song," he said. "After five years singing with Ted Heath's band I'd be lost without a definite beat."

I looked at David Whitfield. "No—I can't sing to a beat," he said. "I like to get excitement into a song, and then relax with it to make people comfortable when I sing. Relaxing is the thing."

Valentine nodded. "You can be too relaxed, of course," he said. "And then you become over-confident and mess it up altogether."

Teddy Holmes produced another manuscript. "Here's a tune to catch the world," he said. Valentine asked: "What's it called—'Atom Bomb Blues'?"

Said Holmes: "Oh, no, the title is 'Goodbye, My Love.'"

"You see," said Jimmy Phillips, "it isn't like the old days before the war any more, when we took a new number, set a release date on it, and hoped that the dance bands and singers would take it up."

"Now it's the gramophone records that count. We take music from any country in the world—but it's the numbers with a kick in them that go."



WHITFIELD

A song must have excitement

MEET A MILLIONAIRE - AND ONE WITH A WELFARE PLAN

By Bernard Ronald

Milan. Count Gaetano Marzotto, six feet tall and 60, strode briskly into his silk-walled study at the top of his Persian-carpeted white marble staircase, summoned one of his ten servants to prepare a fabulous dinner (and as many cocktails as I was pleased to sample) and told me how he became a millionaire after working three months as an apprentice in a Yorkshire woollen mill.

His 13,000 workers call him Gaetano the Generous—and they would seem to be right.

This benevolent boss of a huge industrial empire is generous with everything—with his money, with the 150 lbs. build that gives power and poise to his made-to-measure suits and with the gestures that accompany his gift of the gab.

"There was so much to learn in my boyhood days. The English were producing the finest, the most beautiful woodens in the world. I was determined to become a master of their technique. I wanted Italy to have a great textile industry, too."

"It was tough going. But I always had the faith that I would succeed. To get on in life you must have faith, both in yourself and in the job you are doing. It is not necessary to be ambitious. But you must have a goal—and put all your efforts into reaching it."

His Goal

His eyes, brown and bright under bushy black eyebrows, became fixed shafts of light that bored into me like gimlets.

"I believe in private enterprise. And I believe that those who are fortunate in business and amass great wealth should spend some of their time helping their fellow men."

"My goal today is to leave the world looking better than it was when I entered it."

A heavy brow, a gesture of despair: "But how can it be done? That is the question. Each year that passes, bureaucracy makes men more and more slaves of the State. Freedom is being slowly strangled by red tape. Horizons are being narrowed by a never-ending flow of laws. It is a terrible situation. But I am determined to do something about it."

thing except the time a civil servant may keep a citizen waiting in the queue."

Now a whirl of the arms, a raising of eyebrows, the indignation terrific: "Men were not born to be numbers. We must all battle against bureaucracy before it is too late."

Gaetano—man of great wealth, title, factories, villas, hotels, vineyards, marble quarries, cinemas, enterprises, intelligence, physical strength and guts—had spoken. He bowed. "Now I must attend to the business."

Champagne?

A second later, his huge bulk colourfully clothed in a green tweed sports jacket, grey pull-over, white silk shirt, bright tartan tie and impeccable grey flannel trousers, went sailing out into the world of salesmanship and wamp and woft with the vigour of a gladiator of half his age.

"Champagne?" A white-coated Venetian had appeared as if from nowhere to skip out from behind a silver tray loaded with sparkling drinks in glistening glasses.

But Count Marzotto's personality was still enveloping me. I declined the champagne. It did not seem right to sit sipping a millionaire's wines while my host was working like two men amid the rattle and clatter of the looms across the way.

I went out to have a look at the wonderful things the Count has laid on for the leisure hours of his cloth-capped workers.

Open-air swimming pools lined with fancy mosaics and bordered with green lawns and flower beds. Clubs in marble, with lush lounges, ritzy recreation rooms complete with billiards, beer—and beauties to serve it.

I had stepped into a private enterprise welfare community in which the worker's best friend is the boss, who cares for his employees from the cradle to the grave.

There are tennis courts, bowling greens, hockey fields and soccer pitches. Hospitals with maternity wards where babies are born at the rate of 500 a year, and their mothers get a month's leave from the looms on full pay.

Wards for toddlers aged between a few months and three years, where they are fed, washed, entertained and given nice little coats to snuggle in while mamma is busy in the mill. This service costs the mother only eight shillings a month.

Miles Ahead

A huge marble-walled, luncheon-floored wing, as spotless as it is colourful, accommodates and feeds youngsters between three and six. About 500 boys and girls were enjoying themselves on fun-fair type indoor roundabouts and tiny chairs and tables.

The home of these Marzottians is marked on the map as Valdagne. It is 20 miles from Verona, city of Romeo and Juliet. But in terms of progress, it is miles ahead of much

bigger Italian industrial centres. The name "Valdagne" does not do it justice. It should be called "Workers' Paradise," for the Marzotto empire has highly-skilled specialists, physicists, doctors and surgeons who look after the health of the workers, assisted by a small army of nurses and the most modern equipment.

I think, however, that Count Marzotto's most shining victory in the field of welfare has been scored in the sunset of his village folk's lives. The State gives old-age pensioners only £3 a month, which means misery for aged couples in a country where a 2 lb. loaf of bread costs 1s. 6d. and prime beef is 6s. a lb.

No Worries

But there are no worries for Marzotto's retired millhands. He has built a marble-walled, sun-balconied residence for them, complete with a restaurant that shines like a new pin. He has married quarters and rooms for single pensioners. If they have worked for him since their young days, he gives them pensions of nearly £12 a month. This, together with the State's contribution of £3 a month, means that they can take the last years of their lives easily.

Count Marzotto also houses hundreds of his workers' families. They live in big, airy flats with bathrooms and central heating. And some pay only £10 a year rent for five-roomed apartments with built-in cupboards and linoleum supplied by their landlord.

"No wonder I ordered champagne for breakfast in the millionaire's villa next morning and drank glasses with a pretty waitress to say: 'Viva Count Marzotto.'"

DIVORCE

THE ARCHBISHOP GIVES THE CHURCH'S ANSWER TO AN ACUTE PROBLEM

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Geoffrey Fisher, has just put forward a plan which he hopes will turn back the mounting tide of divorce sweeping through Britain.

He makes these two main points to save marriage:—

1 A single act of adultery is not a good ground for divorce.

2 No marriage in church of any divorced person with a partner still living. Because, says Dr Fisher, Christ's view of marriage was that anyone who divorced his wife and married another committed adultery.

The Archbishop's views are published in a 1s.-a-time, 29-page booklet, "Problems of Marriage and Divorce."

He traces the attitude of the Church to divorce through the centuries to today when—

"The Church realised that the mounting tide of divorce was threatening to overthrow the whole Christian conception of marriage."

"The social evils springing from broken homes became the more evident as their number increased."

"If the social evils were mounting, the moral grounds on which divorce rested were also alarmingly unsatisfactory."

Adultery

"Adultery had once been the only ground of divorce, and could claim some kind of recognition as such in the Gospels. But while continuous adultery was one thing, a single act of adultery was not a good ground on which to break up a marriage for life."

"And adulteries were arranged."

"There was no longer any security that the innocent party really was the innocent party, and in any case the line between innocence and guilt in breaking up a marriage is rarely so clear-cut as a divorce decree might suggest."

"In short, the moral basis of divorce decrees could hardly be regarded as satisfactory."

Dr Fisher first spoke up about single acts of infidelity two months ago in reply to a question put to him by the Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce.

He created a storm by stating "It is the law which has made a single act of adultery a ground for divorce, not the Church."

"The Church would wholly approve a change to accept a single act of adultery as a sufficient ground."

Remarriage

His booklet, urging that there should be no remarriage after divorce when both partners are alive, poses the problem of "The Squire and the Cottager."

Says Dr Fisher:—"Imagine the effect in a country village on the pastoral position of the parish priest if he allowed the remarriage of the squire and reduced it to a cottage case."

"Any clergyman left to decide cases on merit would be at the mercy of every hard luck story and would lack the means of securing reliable evidence."

"Where is it a case of 'a public corporate act,' such as marriage, he says, the Church must have its rule and the clergy must accept it loyally."

"It cannot be left to the varying discretion of 12,000 parish priests, or even to the varying discretion of 43 diocesan bishops."

"We may speak of the status of a person to be admitted to communion, but in the case of marriage, the question is whether the marriage is a fit one to be celebrated in church."

"The Church cannot corporately marry below Christ's

standard. It stands before the world to proclaim that this is what Christ means marriage to be and what He says it is."

More and more divorced people knew they could not be remarried in church.

"Very many of them," says Dr Fisher, "welcome the fact that the Church is upholding a standard from which they have chosen to, or been forced to, depart."

"Thus the Christian standard is being saved: the Church is doing its necessary work and making people think more seriously before they embark on marriage."

Hard Cases

Dr Fisher refers to "really hard cases."

These, he says, "are people who have had terrible spiritual suffering imposed upon them by the first marriage and, finding spiritual deliverance and renewal in the prospect of a second marriage, may desire out of a good and sincere heart that the Church should marry them."

"Is it not wrong and un-Christian to exclude them?"

"Let me say quite frankly that in some cases where a first marriage has ended in tragedy a second marriage has, by every test, of the presence of the Holy Spirit that we are able to recognise, been abundantly blessed."

"For this reason I do not find myself able to forbid good people who come to me for advice to embark on a second marriage."

The Archbishop puts, the Church's position before them, and tells them that it is their duty, as conscientiously as they can, to decide before God what they should do.

"If they are married, they will never again be able to bear a full and clear witness to Our Lord's declaration of what marriage is."

Disapproves

"They must decide whether this lasting spiritual loss is in their judgment outweighed by a call of God to seek spiritual gain in a second marriage."

"But that does not mean that the Church should encourage them. That would be asking the Church to compromise the one way in which it can give a clear testimony to Our Lord's standard for its sake."

"Thus, if they feel denial of a Church marriage to be a 'cross of suffering,' they should bear it for the Church so that it may not, in its official acts of marrying, compromise the standard entrusted to it by Our Lord."

Dr Fisher disapproves of the way the Orthodox and Roman Catholic Churches exercise their marriage jurisdiction.

"They even hold that a Roman Catholic priest but, for example, in an Anglican church, is not validly married."

"And if divorced may be married (for the first time, according to this theory) in the Roman Church."

Problems Ahead

Dr Fisher does not believe that as a general rule divorced people who have remarried should be barred from Holy Communion. It being "the Church's bounden duty to give all the spiritual help it can to people who get involved in matrimonial trouble."

He refers to the "obvious dangers" of register office weddings. He asks if the intention of lifelong union can be assumed to exist in such cases and warns:—

"One can conceive of a situation in which the Church would be unable any longer to recognise civil marriages for Church purposes and would be driven to hold that only those married in Church are truly married—a situation which would raise very serious problems and one that must be avoided if possible."

PROFILE of a LITTLE MAN with a BIG JOB

Joe Brown is off to beat a killer

THE name is Joe Brown. And he is 28 years old and only 5ft. 4ins. tall—a builder's assistant from Manchester.

And he has just set off from Liverpool to climb the third highest mountain in the world—Kinchinjunga the killer.

Kinchinjunga, in the South-Eastern Himalayas, is 28,148ft. high—only a few hundred feet smaller than Everest. It has never been climbed. And it got its name of killer from the victims it claimed on previous expeditions—in 1905 and 1932.

In this new, British expedition, the leader, George Band, Tom McKinnon, Tony Sutherland, John Jackson, Norman Hardy, Neil Mather, John Clegg and Joe Brown.

Joe Brown has never been on a Himalayan expedition before. Yet, the man most likely to reach the top is Joe. He is that sort of man.

He has been climbing only six years. He began in a disused tin mine at Alderley Edge, Cheshire. His first rope was a thick brewer's rope. Then he says, "we went to the extreme and used a clothes line."

Since then he has led rock climbs in the British Isles that other climbers thought impossible. And for the past two summers he has climbed in the Alps.

Last year he climbed the west face of the Dru, a 12,600ft. Alpine peak, in two days—compared with seven days taken by a French team that made the first ascent.

The Frenchmen were amazed. But young Joe Brown looks at

congratulations with no fuss—again, he is that sort of man. He told me that he spent the night on that climb standing on a ledge with his back against the rock face. "I didn't get any sleep that night," he calmly said.

For Brown even a climbing hut is luxury. He belongs to the Manchester Rock and Ice Club of 18 members. They have no hut, always sleep out.

Once Joe Brown and some friends were swinging across a fast-flowing stream near Ben Nevis when one fell in. Joe Brown jumped in, rescued him—then refused even to change his clothes.

No snow, ice and the wildest weather hold no fears for Brown.

He has gone for a week at a time soaked to the skin—but he never catches cold. "The way to dry out," he says, "is to get into a sleeping bag at night. You'll find you're dry in the morning."

He has made several rescues and in turn has had many narrow escapes. Six times he has fallen on climbs, but each time he was roped on and able to climb back.

In fact, the only time he has been injured was in the Army when a friend playfully pushed him over in the barracks-room.

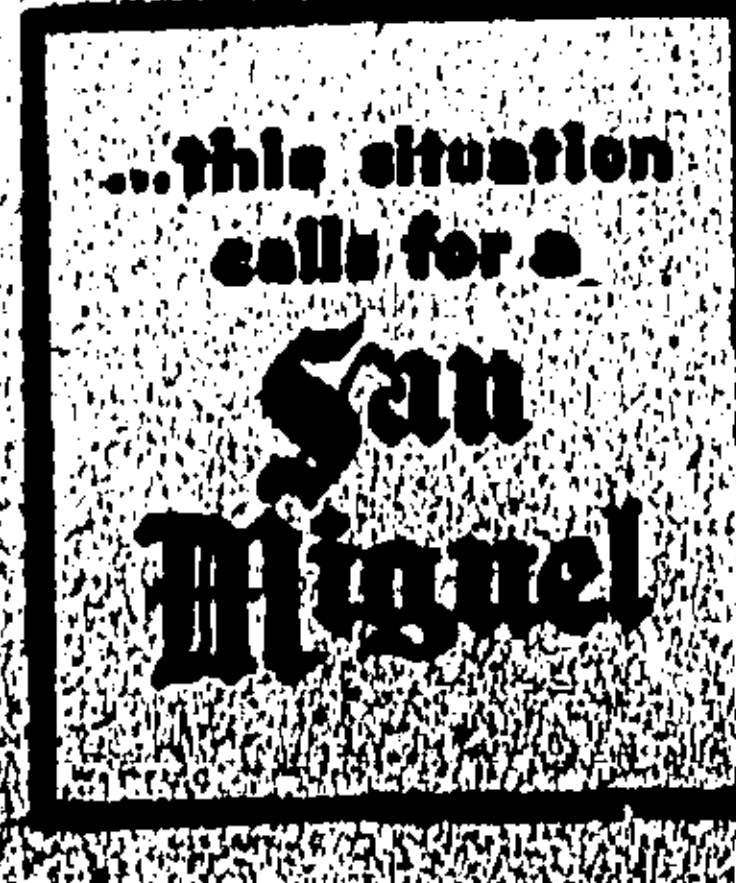
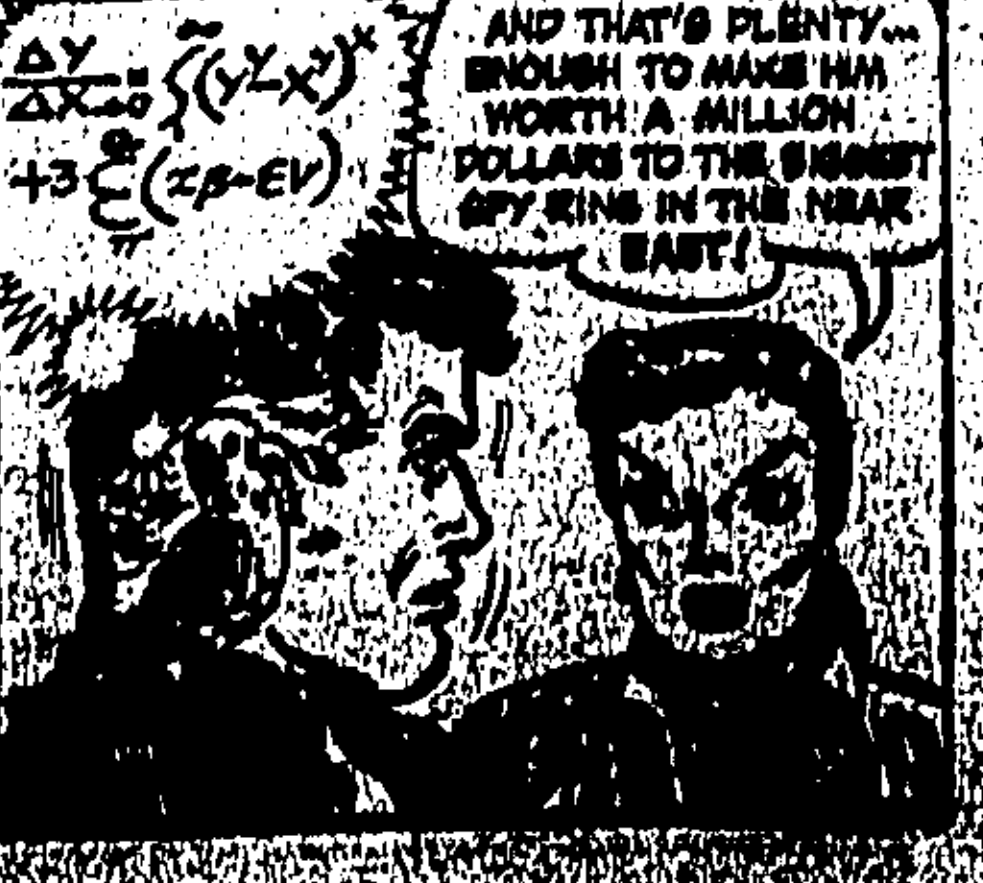
"I broke my leg in three places," says Joe.

NOW a woman's footnote. His sister told me: "For six years he has never spent a week away from home. He is always out climbing. We knew the pinnacle he was aiming at was this expedition."

Chris Lincoln



JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

EVENING GOWN WITH
A TRICKY DETAIL

"Pastorale" by Jean Patou, is a short evening dress in old coin design. The lowered waist is emphasized by the ribbon stotted through at the back at hip level where the full skirt starts.—Agence France-Press.

Expert's Advice On Brightening
Up The House For Spring

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

London.

EVERYTHING in my home looks dull and dusty. The first shafts of February sunshine streaking in through the windows throw a cruel light on middle-aged chintzes and carpets and curtains, and illumine my own discontent. I want everything new.

I look up my bank-book and rattle the baby's moneybox. The most I can run to is a bit of patching-up.

There's so much to do, I can't think where to start. New curtains in one room? Or new cushions in every room? Transform the kitchen? Or repaint the woodwork "throughout"?

As the same type is in nearly every woman's mind this month, I thought I would get expert advice on how to make the least money do the most work.

I went to see architect SITT HUGH OASSON to put one question.

"I want to enjoy my house in the spring. Can't spare much money. How shall I spend it?"

"I think there are two zones of people," said Sir Hugh. "Those with young children, and those without."

"The first lot can hope to do no more than salvage work. Put back the plaster the children have kicked to pieces. Replace the breakages, and remove the smears left by

jammy fingers. Those jobs alone will mop up quite a bit of money. "But for the second zone of people—my choice would always be to concentrate. I don't believe in the odd bit of paint-work or a few new cushions. They only make the rest look shabbier."

WELCOME FEELING

I GET far more pleasure from one corner of the house that looks exactly as I want it.

"Could I have some suggestions?" I asked him.

"Well, why don't you repaint your front door and spend all your money on the hall? I think almost the most important thing about a house is the way you feel when you go into it. If there is warmth, colour and a feeling of welcome when you open the door, the rest will take care of itself."

Alternatively, concentrate on just one room.

"I think one gets a terrific kick out of a really comfortable bathroom. How about carpeting the bathroom, marbleising the walls and hanging up some pictures? (Cheap ones, of course, because of the steam.)"

"Or here's an idea for people with daughters."

"At about 15 or 16, your daughter doesn't want a child's room any longer. She needs something more feminine. A dressing-table, wallpaper, more space for her clothes."

I think that once in a lifetime the year's re-stuffing money should be spent on her."

Sir Hugh gave me one more idea which carries still further the notion of "concentrating."

He suggested letting the re-decorating go hang for a year,

and spending everything on one lasting object, such as a picture, or a piece of furniture, or even one good piece of china.

He said: "In the long run, this will give you the most personal joy."

A brave idea. And, I think, a fine one.

DECORATING NEWS

HAVING soaked up this theory of doing a little bit very well, I went round the shops and decorators in search of specific news.

First, black-and-white is the newest basic colour scheme, replacing "landlord's" cream-and-egg, e.g., black-and-white feathery wallpaper as a setting for bright fabrics.

THAT many decorators are using dress cottons for furnishing—e.g., scarlet, cotton satin curtains edged with black bobble fringe... cotton face-cloth for chair coverings... dress organdie for curtains... permanently pleated cotton for valances.

WINT screens, trellises, and pieces of two-way projecting furniture are getting big sales as dividers for large rooms. The idea is that one big room used for several purposes is a better use of space than a number of small rooms. (Not my idea of comfort. I like lots of small rooms, like an egg-box.)

THAT there's a vogue for real tiles, pseudo tiles, lino in huge tile-sized checks, and marbleised linoleums and walls.

PICTURE SHOW

MEAN, as you know, have a lot of bad habits. Among the worst is that of showing you their family snapshots.

They are far more pushful than women, with those out-of-focus pictures of little Alice on the beach; of Ted and Molly at the church porch; or of that dreadfully overfed baby in its pram.

Though rarely at a loss for words faced with these snapshots, I fumble vainly for an appropriate remark.

"What a delightful child," sounds so patronising.

"What a heavenly baby," sounds so insincere.

The other day I saw the snapshot, to and all snapshots being shown by one middle-aged man to another on a bus.

"That's Herbert," said the first man. "He's a machine minder."

"And who's that on the left?" "That's Victor. He's a machine minder too."

"And who's the third man?" "That's Archie. He's a machine minder as well."

The second man paused for a full minute, before producing the only possible comment.

He said: "Fancy that."

(London Express Service)

A-line Dress By Dior



Typical of Christian Dior's A-line is this dinner gown of black coarse-stained silk, called "Audace"—Agence France-Press.

Eileen Ascroft meets a woman with some new ideas for other women today—and finds a link with the days when our grandmothers were set free from those awful, boned, strait-laced cages.

MME CADOLLE CARRIES ON
WITH THE REVOLUTION

OUR grandmothers were proud of their beautiful busts and conscious of their ugly hips. Today the facts are reversed. Women's hips are more beautiful than their busts.

"This is due to the increased amount of exercise when young," says figure expert Alice Cadolle.

This Frenchwoman certainly has more claim to discuss and re-shape feminine figures than all these male fashion designers who optimistically try to improve on nature's handiwork.

Madame Cadolle's great-grandmother was Helene Cadolle, who first set women free from those awful boned, strait-laced cages.

Her inventions of the brassiere and the roll-on belt were two of the most important revolutions in the fashion world. They changed women's lives just as much as the suffragettes.

THE STRUGGLE

MADAME Helene had to fight for her beliefs, too. "Unhygienic," cried the medical profession when she introduced the first elastic roll-on. "Unfashionable," shrieked the older ladies at the idea of leaving waists free and unlined.

"It took her 15 years to convince women they would be healthier and happier in the new styles," said her great-granddaughter recently.

Madame Alice, whose family have now been costume designers for four generations, is in London to present some of her designs at a show in French currency.

She wants to introduce a new style of dress with a high collar, a full skirt, and a long train.

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THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU
FOLLOW A NEW FASHION

BEAUTY fads are exciting but before you follow a new fashion make sure it's becoming to you.

That "cat-look" is a current fad, and a surprising number of smarties can get away with it. Eyebrows have a distinctly rounded arch, hair is done in wigs, lip ends turn slightly up. But what's it all about, for goodness sake? Why look catty? Some women will try anything, not only once but again and again!

The long-torced style Dior set is gaining popularity, but it's

BY HELEN FOLLETT

features, it is just plain ridiculous.

only for the perfectly proportioned figure. In some variations, however, it may flatter the plumpish woman who is short-waisted and long-legged. On the skinny girl, this fashion only accentuates her fragile frame and lack of curves.

A blonde or silver streak in dark hair is smart on some women, calling attention to lovely, shining stresses and a chic culture.

The Italian hairdo, a fancy that's just about past, is cute as can be on the pink-size girl with mischief in her eyes. On the heavyweight, who has large

features, it is just plain ridiculous.

In considering clothes or appearance, stick to what's flattering to your type. What glamorises one woman will turn another into a caricature.

Bare-top formals are worn by heavy, thin and perfectly proportioned women. But emphasise femininity, but they also call attention to fat or bony shoulders. They bring scrawny collarbones out in plain view. They make long thin necks look longer. Only the slim goddess should wear them, yet a young woman feels she is a step-child in the style world if she has straps over her shoulders. That's silly!

STAR TREATMENT FOR
PYJAMAS

By Dorothy Barkley

THEY are the current fashion hit in the London shops and are set to become the year's best-seller.

No, they have nothing to do with A-lines or H-lines, and they are all-British. For pyjamas are the latest to be given the full glamour treatment.

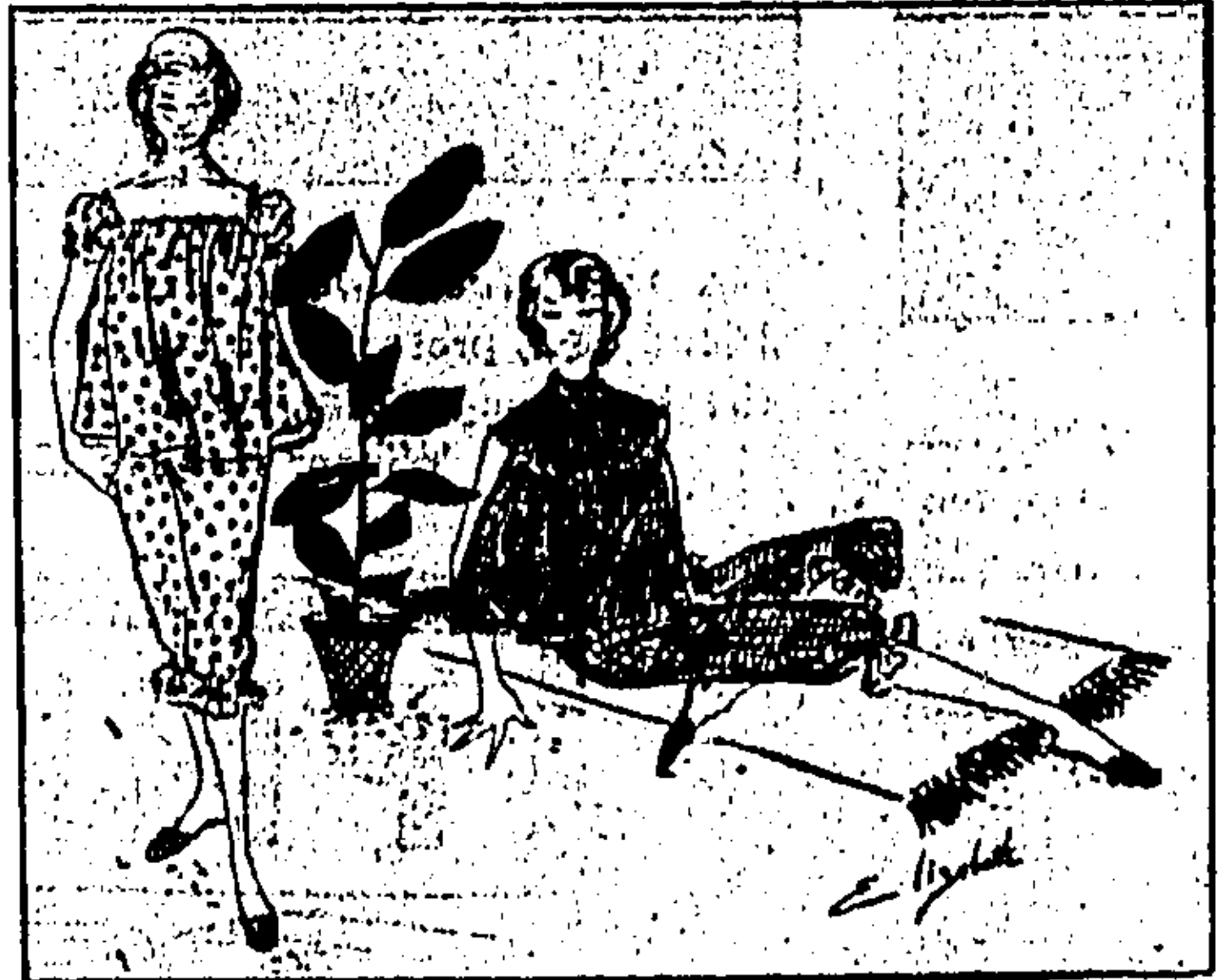
For the first time in years fashion has caught up with the pyjama industry and brought in new styles and materials and colours which are gay and over. Pink satin and the square-cut, straight-up-and-down type of pyjama are right out of the picture.

The fresh styles have brought a boom to the industry. "We have sold more pyjamas in the last two months than during the last two years," reported one shop. "Sales" have switched from nightdresses to pyjamas."

★

The pyjamas are made in every kind of cotton. Topping the list is cotton pique, a fine crinkled cotton with the feel of silk and the advantage that it requires no ironing. Next come seersucker, gingham and plain cotton. Patterns are either modern in style, featuring stripes, spots and stars, or nostalgic with old English roses rambling up and down.

Styles are equally varied. One pair in a yellow-spotted cotton, had a loose blouse top with square neck and puffed sleeves, and was matched with half-length jeans. Another pair in gay checked gingham had a top with high neck and deep yoke, and was partnered by three-quarter length jeans. Others had matching bloomers instead of jeans. One pair, all in checked cotton, had a blouse with a high collar, a full skirt, and a long train.



Left: Square-necked style pyjamas in white cotton spotted with yellow.

Right: Deep-yoked style in red, blue and white checked gingham.

laced trimming. It lined collars, piped cuffs and quilted yokes. Light and cool, these pyjamas are a boon in hot weather. They are also good travellers. They take up little room in your suitcase, and weigh next to nothing. They wash easily, dry quickly and need no ironing.

Other lounging clothes currently in fashion are brunch coats made in padded cotton; they look like scaled-down patch-work quilts. Gilt length, they go with the new length of pyjamas, and also take up little space in a suitcase. There are also brunch coats in plain cotton. Some of these could do double duty as a dress, and one designer shows a brunch coat as part of a three-piece beach outfit.

★

For those who prefer the traditional full-length house coat, there are checked gingham style full skirts and trimmed with a trim from top to toe.

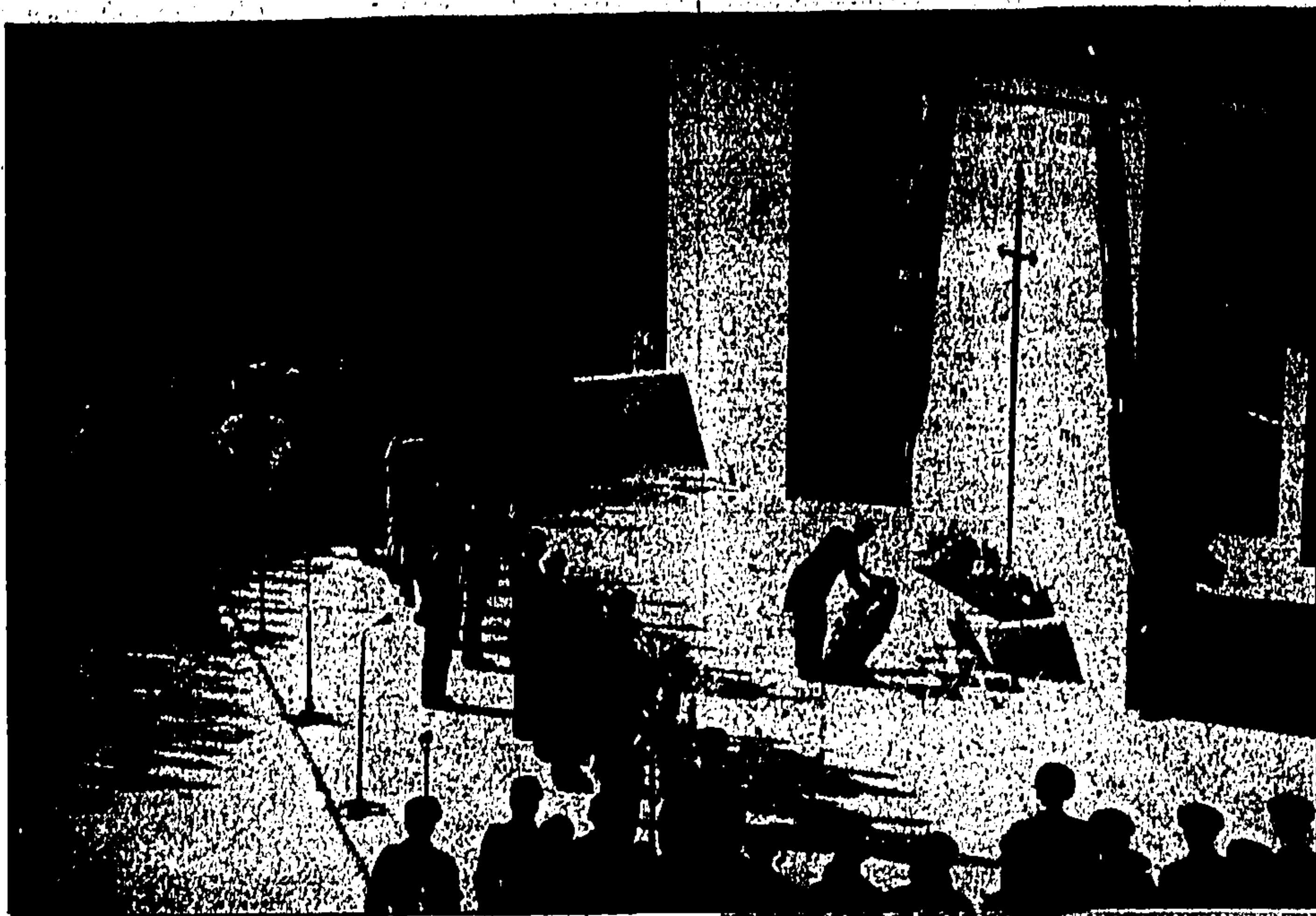
Graced with embroidery, the new pyjama style is a real thing. It's a new thing, it's a new thing, it's a new thing.

It's a new thing, it's a new thing, it's a new thing.

It's a new thing, it's a new thing, it's a new thing.

It's a new thing, it's a new thing, it's a new thing.





HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, laying a wreath after unveiling the Salwan Bay War Memorial last Sunday. On the memorial are inscribed the names of 2,200 Hongkong war dead with no known graves. Right: Relatives of those honoured at the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



LT-COL J. J. Sullivan (right) won the Army Squash Championship by defeating Capt. R. D. Weekes (left) in a hard fought final at Victoria Barracks on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



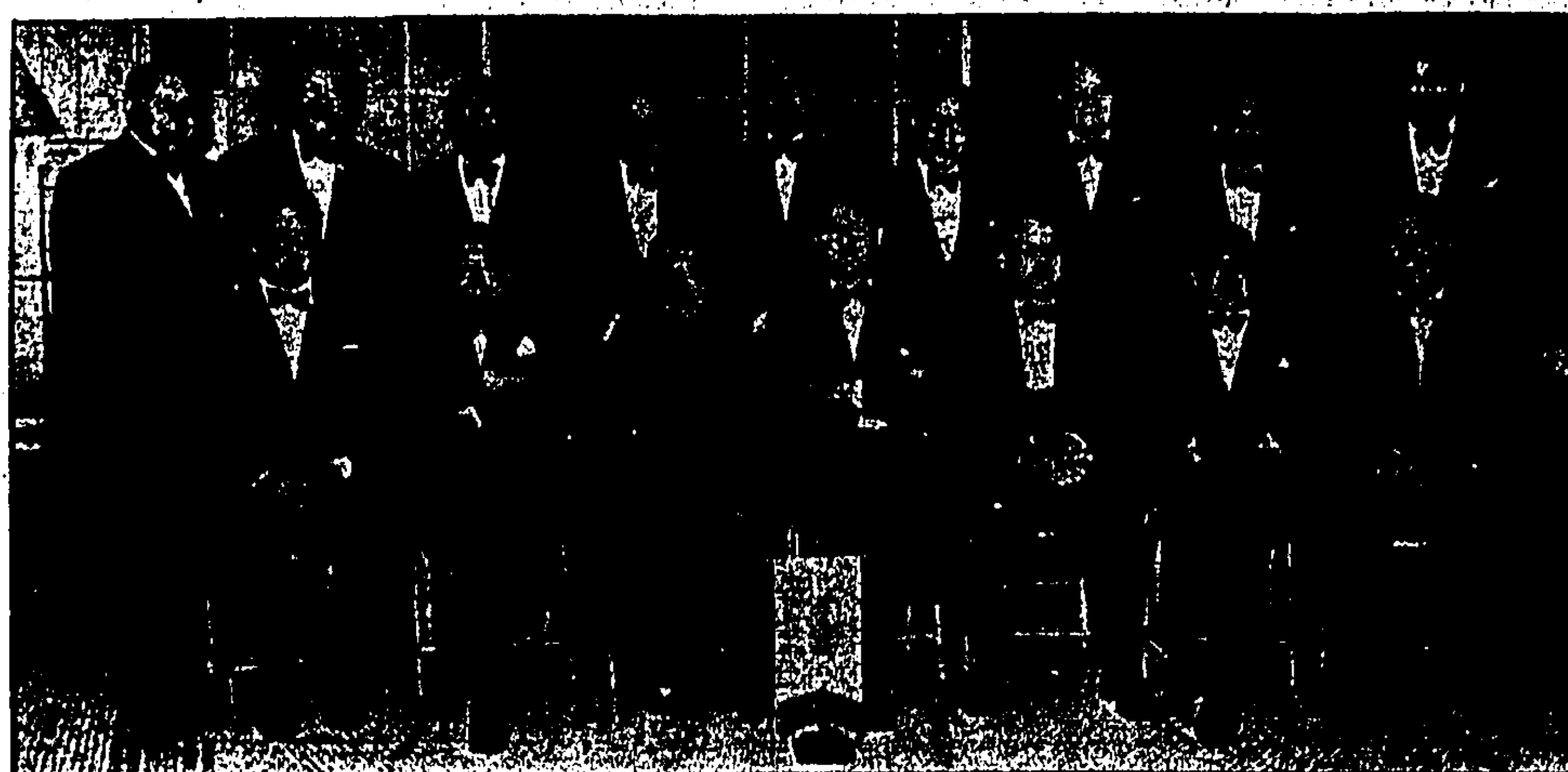
LOOKING over the Tung Wah Hospital Kowloon No. 1 Primary School in Shantung Street after its opening on Wednesday. With Mr. Seaward Woo (front row, left), Chairman of the Tung Wah Group, are the Hon. and Mrs. R. R. Todd. (Staff Photographer)



FAMILY picture taken after the christening at the English Methodist Church of Warwick and Richard, twin sons of Mr and Mrs T. H. W. King. (Ming Yuen)



RIGHT: Group picture taken at the dinner party in honour of the Hon. and Mrs R. B. Black given by the Unofficial Members of the Executive and Legislative Councils at the Golden Dragon Restaurant last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



PARTY of Netherlands residents of Hongkong performing a Dutch national dance at the Club de Macao during the Carnival last week-end.



MR John Yuen (right), President of Rotary Club of Hongkong Island East, presenting a banner to Mr W. V. Pennell, President of the Hongkong Rotary Club, at the Golden Jubilee Luncheon at Winner House. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: A merry party of "Red Indians" at the Hongkong Art Club Ball on Thursday evening. Venue of the Ball was the Rose Room. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Macao Hockey Club and Club de Recreio teams who provided some thrilling hockey last Sunday. The Macao team won. (Staff Photographer)



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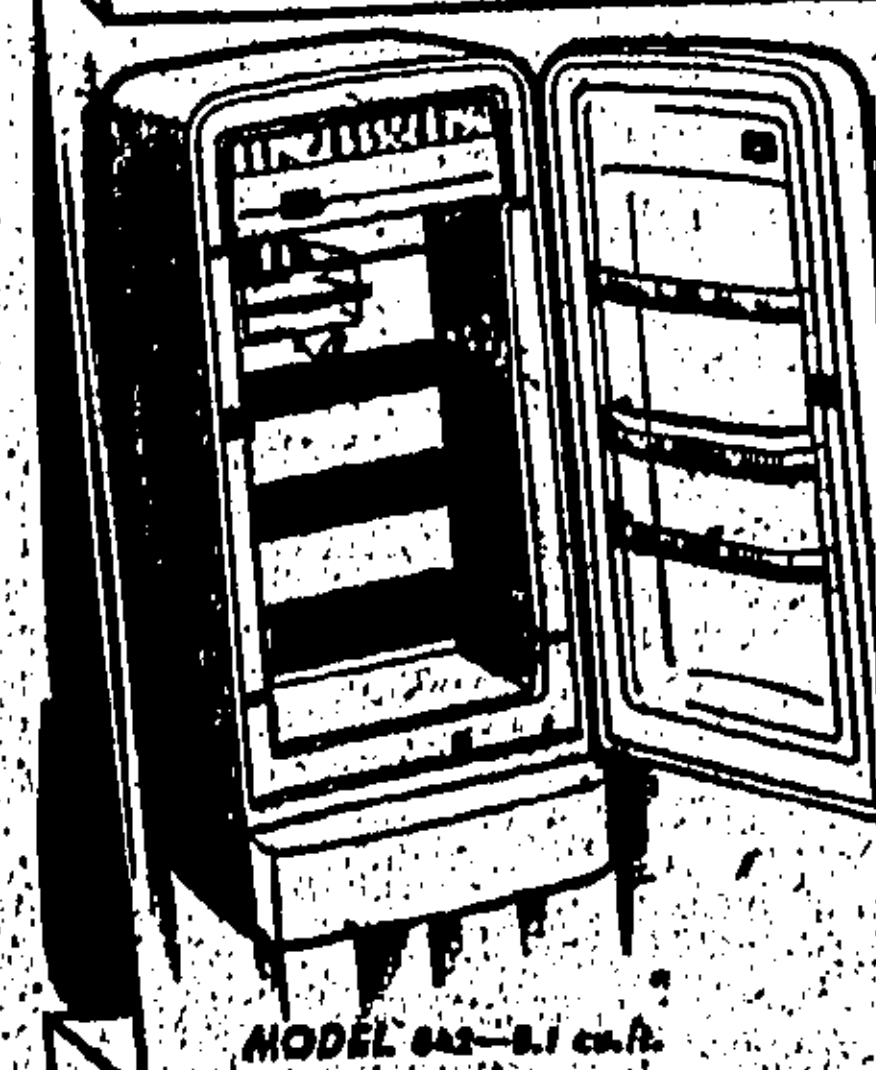
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MR LI King-pan, Government Executive Officer who is retiring after 35 years' service, speaking at a party held at the Colonial Secretariat when he was presented with farewell gifts from his colleagues. From left: Mr R. W. H. Maynard, Mr Li, the Hon. R. B. Black, the Hon. A. G. Clarke and Mr C. B. Burgess. (Staff Photographer)



THE Canadian Ambassador to Japan, the Hon. Mr Justice T. C. Davis, greeted on arrival by plane from Tokyo last week. He came here to attend the unveiling of the Salwan Bay War Memorial. (Staff Photographer)

MR N. Sykes, President of the Society of Yorkshirians, addressing members and guests at the 19th annual dinner dance of the Society, held at the Peninsula Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Wedding at St Teresa's Church on Monday of Mr Alfredo Lopes Nery and Miss Maria Teresa Gutierrez. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Wedding of Dr D. J. A. Jarvis, of Borneo, and Miss Valerie Edmunds. The ceremony took place at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. R. R. Todd, Secretary for Chinese Affairs, and Mrs Todd farewelled by the Chinese Manufacturers' Union. The Todds will be leaving Hongkong next month on retirement. (Staff Photographer)



CHUNG SING Nursing Division won the Arculli Shield, competed for by 12 teams at St John Ambulance Brigade Headquarters last Sunday. Judges viewing one part of the work. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: At the farewell party given by the staff of Gibb, Livingston and Co., Ltd. for their Managing Director, Mr E. L. Groome (centre), who is retiring. On the left is Mr Leung Fattin; on the right Mr T. W. Bone. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mrs H. I. G. Rylands presenting prizes at the Forces dance held at the Women's International Club last week. (Staff Photographer)

RED CROSS workers distributing clothing to victims of the fire at Shek Wu Hui, New Territories. (Staff Photographer)

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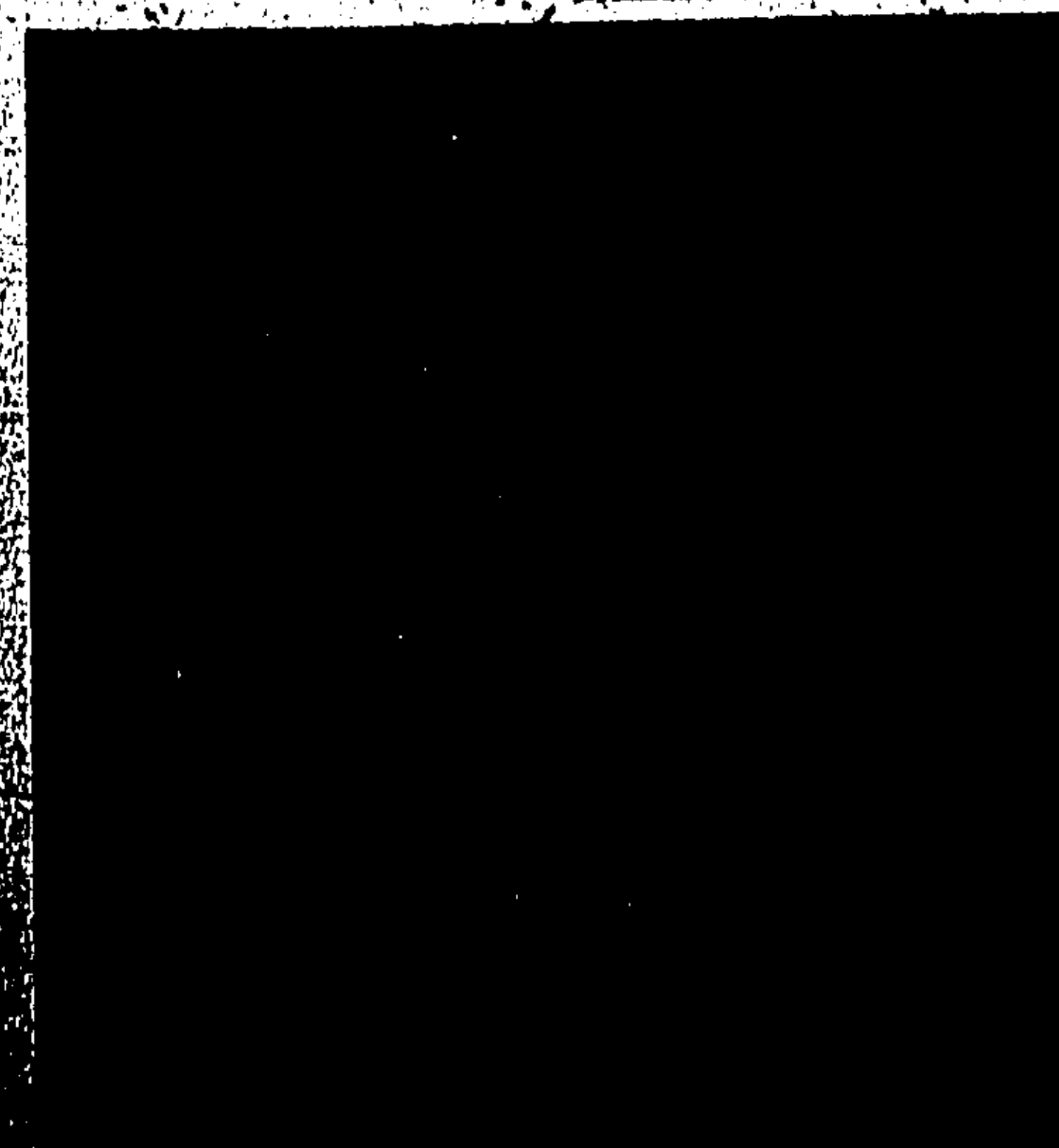
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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Helen Burke is visiting London's most distinguished chefs to pick up tips that only the real experts can provide. Today she reports on her visit to Eugene Kaufeler, of the Dorchester.

MR KAUFELER GRILLS HIS FRIED EGGS

THE youngest chef in London holding a premier position is Eugene Kaufeler. He is Maître Chef des Cuisines at the Dorchester.

When I called on him I was astonished at the scene in the kitchens under his direction.

Everything was spotlessly clean, of course, and his chefs in sparkling white. But what bustle and noise—especially during the "rush" with waiters streaming into the kitchen, handing over their orders and baying their called out at top voice!

Yet everything runs smoothly and without fuss. Upwards of 120 dishes are listed on the menus every day. These include a dozen specialties from the grill, such as fully garnished porterhouse steaks, far four and chateaubriands for two.

A cooking staff of more than 100, as well as a large hotel staff—apart from the guests—are fed, each day, from these beautifully equipped kitchens with their half-dozen refrigeration rooms. In addition, there are daily banquets at which catering is carried out for anything from 20 to 1,000 covers. And every dish is chef inspected!

1.—Breakfast

Breakfasts were still being served when I arrived. I watched one cook making a special omelette.

He started with clarified butter in a small, shallow, black iron pan. Into it went thirty sliced mushrooms.

After half a minute over strong heat, he added the seasoned eggs, beaten just enough to mix them, and gave them a good stir with a fork. Then he added chopped, skinned, deseeded tomatoes and gave the pan a good bang or two on the stove top to loosen the eggs from the pan.

Next, he tipped up the pan at the handle, lifted the omelette nearest to the fork and urged it forward to start it to roll.

Holding a heated plate under the edge of the pan, he turned the omelette on to it—a perfect omelette, like eggs as yellow as when they went into the pan.

Another man was frying eggs in butter and here is a tip: Instead of turning them or basting them with the fat, he gave them just long enough for the bottom to set, then he slid the pan under the grill. In this way both tops and bottoms are perfectly cooked. It sets the top into a silky, opaque surface.

2.—Soup

Soups were being prepared for lunch. Look and observe: Soup—some of the best of the vegetable ones—was made with water or "stock" because it did not change the delicate flavour of the whole.

For Cream of Chicken Soup, the fat rising from half a dozen marinated simmering boiling birds was being ladled off into a container, from which it was taken to make a white roux with flour. That fat is much better than any other for the beginning, because it ac-

cepts the chicken flavour, whereas everything else would blanket it.

For a special luncheon, Cream of Corn (or Maize) Soup was also being made. This was simply the Cream of Chicken Soup with the addition of corn kernels, first well pounded and then elevated. A lovely cream soup this.

3. Soufflees

I saw several of these being made. You need no recipe, because any reliable cookery book will give you one, but what you do not find in cookery books is that wonderful tip for ensuring that the soufflé will rise straight up without slipping over the edge and without that paper collar on the dish which we housewives are so sure a soufflé needs.

When you have three-quarter filled the greased and lightly floured soufflé dish with the mixture, level it off with a knife, then run the tip of your thumb right around the outer edge of the mixture against the edge of the dish. Place the soufflé in the dead centre of a moderately hot oven and leave it there without attention, for at least 15 minutes, when you can safely take a peep at it. If it is rising lopsided, it may be that the oven heat is a little uneven, so very gently turn the dish in the oven. When it has risen quite considerably, and is nicely browned on the surface, it is ready.

A good soufflé is not cooked all the way through but is light and soft.

M. Kaufeler and I had a chat over lunch, which comprised the best and largest vegetable I have enjoyed for a long time, gently cooked in butter only; and soft.

As the story goes, the parents always believed that the baby's breast-feeding provided him the immunity.



EUGENE KAUFELER
(Thorough) with food.

cauliflower in creamy sauce and new potatoes au naturel. For a sweet (you will not believe it!) junket and a peach poached in vanilla syrup. Just right, don't you think?

"Good food should not be exciting," M. Kaufeler said. "If people would eat a little more thoughtfully, they would not find it so boring."

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London Express Service.)

Experts On Feeding Problems

A RIGHT START FOR THE BABY

By Garry C. Myers, Ph.D.

IN the home where Mrs. Myers and I now live, according to the family record, five young children, years ago before the days of toxin-anti toxin, all died within a few weeks. The nursing baby escaped disease.

As the story goes, the parents always believed that the baby's breast-feeding provided him the immunity.

FOR HEALTHIER BABIES

Modern medical science has found that this could be so. Breast-fed babies are more likely to live and grow up. They gain in growth more consistently, have fewer allergies, have fewer skin and digestive disorders, and longer natural immunity to many diseases. Moreover, the breast-fed baby is less likely to develop "feeding problems" later. He associates food from the beginning with love and cuddling. He thinks food is fun. So say the experts.

Leading hospitals in America are now actively promoting old-fashioned breast-feeding of babies. Eminent physicians, such as Benjamin Spock, John Montgomery and John Forbes, have helped us realize that mothers and babies both profit from the intimacy and warmth that was almost frozen out of

many streamlined "scientific" nurseries in recent years. The popular idea that modern young women are "too civilized" or "too nervous" for breast-feeding has been shattered by the famous New England specialists, Dr. F. B. Fildes and Dr. W. F. B. Fildes.

There is a special and intimate relationship between the milk of the mother and the needs of her own offspring.

Experts also tell us that the mother of the new baby, unquestionably, gets back faster to normal physical condition if she nurses her baby.

OTHER CASES

There are, of course, some women who feel nursing distasteful, and a few others who have little or no natural food supply.

Unfortunately, some hospitals used to give new mothers estrogen or so-called "drying-up" pills as routine, and it is said that a few still do. Yet some pediatricians in hospitals are finding ways to increase the new mother's milk supply. More mothers are seeking what should have been before entering the hospital. More are choosing the hospital that takes a genuine interest in nursing.

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MINISTERING ANGELS TO THE POOR OF HONGKONG

Staff Writer Tony Motta goes the-round with a Family Welfare Case Worker

As my eyes became accustomed to the Stygian gloom I made out shapes—human forms which had ethereally materialised around five pairs of eyes.

Fighting off swarms of flies which buzzed in the doorway—if a rickety bamboo frame supporting a flimsy piece of wood could be called a doorway—I poked head and shoulders, over a muddy threshold, into the dark interior.

Dirty boxes and filthy, ragged clothes hanging from nails and rusty hooks stuck in the flimsy roof, away dimly under the weight of countless flies.

☆☆☆

An overpowering odour of mustiness and decay hung thick as the dust in the air. Venturing no further I listened to the conversation between a European lady and a middle-aged Chinese woman.

The woman was sitting on her bed—a piece of fibre propped up on two stones—half-heartedly feeding four boys from a single bowl of watery rice gruel.

"How are you getting on?" the lady was asking in Chinese. An apathetic "tuh la" (alright) and a wave of the hand which took in the six-by-four interior was the woman's reply.

Now, you might well wonder about the identity



Inside the hut in Nam Cheong Street

of this lady. There she stood, almost doubled up in a "fibre-tin-bamboo" structure, chattily inquiring after the occupants' welfare as though it was the most natural thing in the world.

Well, she is typical of the many workers in the Hongkong Family Welfare Society who, above their other duties at the centres, have a quota of interviews and visits to fulfil.

Hence, the peripatetic members of this welfare organisation are known, and very aptly, as Case Workers.

They are, in fact, welfare missionaries. The need for the work they are doing has long been felt and is now being realised.

The Hongkong Family Welfare Society has four centres in the Colony, two on each side of the harbour. An idea of the magnitude of the work this institution has been doing is provided by the 1954 Case Work Report.

This lists a total number of 27,745 cases dealt with during the year (an increase of about 7,000 over

the previous year's figure) and 51,542 interviews.

This tends to indicate that each case is accorded on an average of two visits a year, but this is not so. Some cases are visited once a quarter; others are visited twice a year, and some not at all.

When a case is registered with a centre, information about the family is taken and filed. For the first year each case is visited fairly frequently, so that the centre can assess the individual needs and—more important still—is in a position to check the validity of a family's claim.

☆☆☆

Let us go "behind the scenes" with a Case Worker.

The squatter hut, which we visited at 3.15 in the afternoon, housed a man aged 50, his wife, 35 and four sons the eldest under 10 years of age.

The hut is in the middle of Nam Cheong Street, Shumshui, and is flanked on both sides by a range of similar dingy little dwellings. All these rambling little huts seem to have sprouted from the ground like a row of ugly mushrooms. In violent contrast, there are some street stalls, displaying colourful wares of a cheap quality, which appear to have stalked their claim on the road before the less affluent families.

The family we saw is struggling along on an income of between two and three dollars daily, depending on whether the husband can get work regularly as a casual earth cooler.

His wife, in a vain effort to make ends meet, pastes paper for bags and spends the rest of the time looking after her children, whom she cannot afford to send to school. Just as the Case Worker was about to leave on her rounds I noticed that something was amiss! Was it the pool light?

No! Three of the boys had "cloven" hands and feet and the youngest boy had six toes on each foot! The mother was similarly afflicted.

☆☆☆

The condition is hereditary and is known as Syndactylism (Lobster-Hand and Claw-Foot). The youngest child is afflicted with "Polydactylism". Although suffering from abject poverty and blighted by nature the children frolicked and were quite happy.

The family has been under the "eye" of Family Welfare for three years now, and, apart from food and clothing grants, has been given a loan of \$30 to buy

a fishing net for the husband when he was making a living by fishing.

At 3.35 p.m. the Case Worker was climbing up a narrow staircase in a tenement in Kiliang Street. Following hard on her heels I squeezed into one of five cubicles which divided the room and saw....

A middle-aged woman sitting on her bed and talking to the Case Worker. As she answered questions about her health, the welfare of her family, and her needs, she looked at her benefactress with a devotion akin to worship.

If you have ever harboured any doubts about the gratitude of these simple people, rest assured that your doubts were unfounded!

It is ironic to think how simple their needs are; how little it takes to satisfy them and make them happy, and yet how far removed their chances of attaining this happiness were till the advent of social welfare case workers.

It was evident that "Hope" in the eyes of these poor, walked hand in hand with the



A corner of the Kiliang Street tenement

Case Worker. The way the woman freely discussed her problems illustrated her joy in the thought that "someone cares whether I live or die."

With four children to look after, the youngest suffering from TB in the leg bones—the mother has taken in another child whom she tends for 50 cents a day.

With 10 families living in five cubicles and three bed spaces, the tainted air was soon unhealthily close. Ragged clothes, dirty old fruit crates and floors littered with dirt added to the squalor of the cramped quarters.

It was rather strange to see yellowed photographs of a wedding and other ceremonies prominently displayed in a frame—a treasured legacy of better days which struck a discordant note.

This family has been registered with Family Welfare since 1951 and has received a loan of \$220 for a fruit stall. Through the recommendation of a Case Worker the boy suffering from TB in the bones is being treated at Salyingun Hospital. The family receives food grants, milk powder, multi-purpose food, and summer and winter clothes.

As the Case Worker descended the rickety staircase the woman shouted "Goodbye and thank you."

☆☆☆

We were off again. The next stop, the Shek Kip Mei Resettlement Area, was reached shortly after 4 p.m. There a fire victim's family reported that all was well.

At 4.30 p.m. after a long walk along a twisting footpath in Shek Kip Mei Village, the Case Worker visited a family whose head was suffering an incurable disease and was unable to work.

The wife was dejectedly feeding her five children, but smiled when the Case Worker appeared. The hut, an ancient structure sunk in sludge and refuse, is occupied by nine families.

The Case Worker renewed her offer of a \$1,000 loan to the family to start a cooked food stall, but the woman shrugged.

William Hickey

FROM THE WINGS I WATCH A ROYAL SCENE IN RURITANIA

YOU just couldn't help enjoying the marriage of Princess Maria Pia and Prince Alexander in the seaside village of Cascais.

It was like taking part in a new light opera set in some present Ruritania where the sun always shines.

Where nobles are all elegant and open-handed. Where peasants are happy and contented in their lot. Where there are fiestas and vino and dancing every other day.

I could hardly believe the scene was true as I stood in the Square of the Assumption and waited to go into the little white-washed church.

Lovely girls

The sun was as warm as a June day in England. It shone on the sea. It shone on the green and pink and blue houses. It brought out the colours in the flowers. It brought out the colours of the dresses.

It made an unforgettable picture of the several score of young Italian girls who had been brought over to line the red carpet into the church.

They were lovely girls and they were wearing all the different gala peasant costumes of Italy—red, gold, blue, with lace and strange head-dresses, red stockings, green stockings, white stockings. They were out of a gigantic and brilliant production of "Cavalleria Rusticana".

Behind the rows of police—in their uniforms of blue with spotless white—the people stood and sang songs as they waited.

The big cars started to sweep up with the diplomats and the generals in gorgeous uniforms, the princes and princesses.

I was so bemused by it all that I couldn't believe my eyes.

when I saw the young Duke of Kent at the side of the Duchess, with Princess Alexandra a few steps behind. Seeing them made me realise that it wasn't just an opera production.

Although, mind you, the Duchess does this sort of thing wonderfully well. She looks tremendously elegant. And she seems to have a certain special grace when she is abroad.

A 10-yard train

Umberto, the ex-King of Italy, arrived with his daughter, the bride, who had a magnificent embroidered train that must have been 10 yards long. The girls in the peasant costumes curtsied and bowed. The Italian monarchists lining the entrance shouted: "Viva! Viva!"

Everybody was doing all the things that should be done in Ruritania.

The little church with its ornate gilt decorations was ill-fitted to suffocation with enough royalty to fill up 20 or 30 kingdoms.

The ceremony was soon over. The bride put a ring on her husband's finger. The bridegroom then followed suit.

I was in the sacristy when they signed the register. The prince was looking a little worn. "But yes," he said to me, "we could have done with something bigger. What a crush."

Then it was out into the sunshine again, with flowerbeds crackling off and lots and lots more "Vivas". But the whole business was never out of control. The stage management was superb.

To the reception

The diamonds and mink and uniforms were swept off in their cars for a little drive through the countryside to the reception at Estoril—and if it wasn't at a palace, well it was at the Palacio Hotel, which is rather better kept-up than most palaces can afford.

As the cars glided through the countryside the old women driving donkeys stood with a dumb wooden look at the sight. The boys in the village streets waved their hands.

Well, Act I was over. Now for the festa.

Vino flowed from enormous long bars in the gardens and in the reception rooms, and if no fountains flowed with wine, well, there must have been enough wine drunk to keep the fountains in Trafalgar Square going all day.

The girls in costume strolled around in gay little groups. The Italian monarchists came in with their banners and their "Vivas". The aristocracy and the gentry ate and drank and talked and talked.

To complete the scene there were young romantic students in tattered gowns. They came from Coimbra, the Oxford of Portugal.

They seem to have a sort of privilege to attend this sort of thing. And when they want to do honour to a personality they cast their gowns on to the ground in the Walter Raleigh tradition.

The bill

They did it for the bride of course. But they also did it for the Duchess of Kent. "She's English. She's beautiful," they told me.

Their gowns are not tattered for poverty's sake. When they have a romance they tear off a bit from the bottom of the gown. And I should say that the students by the end of the evening were having quite a tearing time with the Italian girls.

What did it all cost? I estimate that the festa must have cost £2,000. And with the other receptions, parties, hospitality, and goodness-knows-what, the wedding must have cost between £15,000 and £20,000.

Well, you couldn't put on a lavish production like this off the cheap—as every good stage manager knows.

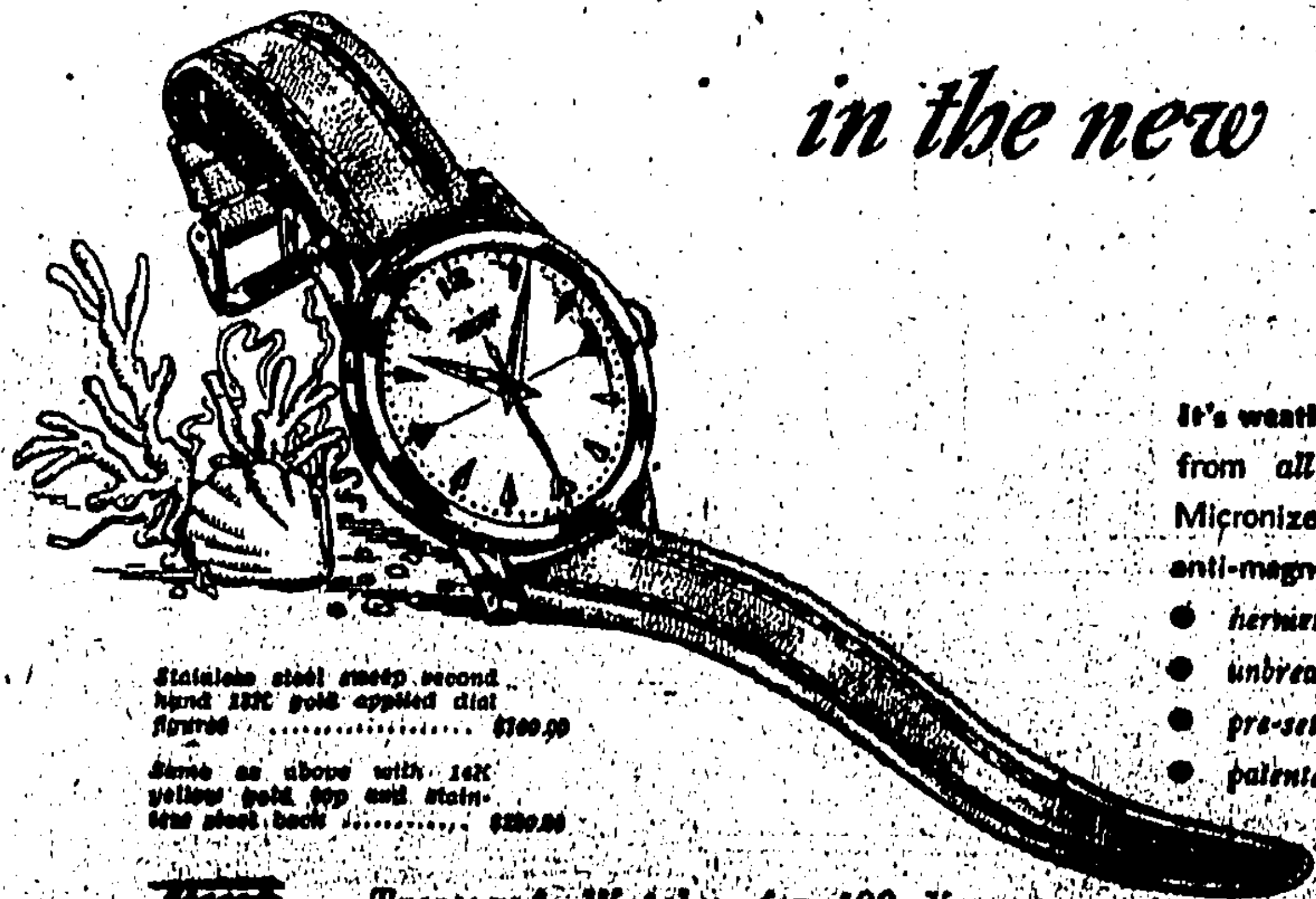
But it was fun, if you didn't take it too seriously. If you tried not to think of the real world of 1958.

I know that when I return to workaday, cold and England there will be times when I shall look back to this with what the Portuguese call "saudade"—which is a mixture of pleasure, nostalgia, and sadness.

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LEAGUE CRICKET

KCC Face A Stiff Test Against The RAF At Kai Tak Today

By "GOOGLY"

League leaders Kowloon Cricket Club face a stiff test at Kai Tak this afternoon when they clash with RAF who are also contenders for League honours and this will be the main game of the week.

Another interesting game this afternoon will be the meeting of the two Hongkong Cricket Club teams, Scorpions and Optimists.

In the Junior Division an important game will be played at Cox's Path when RAF, who are at the top of the table, will be pitted against Kowloon Cricket Club.

The position in the race for the Senior Championship will be considerably affected by the result of the game between KCC and RAF. If KCC win they will be strongly established for the champions hit, though they still have two strong opponents to meet; the two Army teams, before the end of the season.

Last week KCC did not do what was expected of them and

made what should have been an easy win into a difficult task. Their bowlers, Curran, Davidson and Bell, literally carried the team to victory. Their only batsman to make runs was Archie Zimmerman who was the hero of the game, scoring 40 of their 89 runs.

RAF were indeed very lucky last week to hold KCC to a draw as they were saved by the fading light. Power and Green were in devastating form last week, the former scoring 46 and the latter 65.

Today's game should be very tight as both sides are evenly balanced. But the visitors hold slight odds over their opponents as their attacking power is a shade better than the Almonds. Should KCC have the second lease of the wicket a win for them is predicted.

The meeting of the two Club teams will be another interesting game to watch. Scorpions are better positioned than Optimists as they have only played 13 games from which they have earned 26 points, whereas Optimists have played 15 and collected 29 points. A win for the Scorpions is likely.

Second pinner Army South will be at home to Navy and should not have any difficulty in walking away with the maximum points.

Their clubmates, Army North, will be the guests of the Police at Happy Valley. The Police are also an unpredictable team as they showed last week when they held Army South to a draw. Should they repeat this performance they will put Army North out of the running for Senior Division Honours.

George Souza and the CCC should have things their own way as they are entertaining the Undergraduates at Happy Valley.

JUNIOR DIVISION

In the Junior Division a needle game is down for decision at Cox's Path between RAF and KCC who are both strong contenders for the title.

KCC, who are placed second, will be going all out to win this match and they are a more balanced team. Their attacking power is much stronger than that of their visitors, and they should win by a narrow margin.

IRC "B" will have KCC as their guests this afternoon. In this game we will see if the Indians can avenge the defeat they suffered last week from the Portuguese. A win for the Indians will not surprise.

The other Indian team will be crossing the harbour to play the DBS and should come home with four badly needed points. Tony Myatt, the schoolboys' skipper, has been ill for the past week and may not be able to play. This will reduce their attacking power.

Playing on their matting wicket, KGV should win their match against Police at Argyle Street.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
CCC v. University
Army South v. Navy
Scorpions v. Optimists
Police v. Army North
KCC v. RAF

Recreio (Bye)

Second Division
IRC "B" v. Recreio
DBS v. IRC "A"
KGV v. Police
RAF v. KCC
Navy v. Army

TOMORROW

Second Division
University v. Dockyard
HOW THEY STAND

	P. W. L. D. Pts.
KCC	15 10 3 2 42
Army South	17 9 3 5 41
Recreio	10 8 4 3 37
Army North	14 8 4 2 34
RAF	13 6 2 5 29
Optimists	14 7 6 1 29
Scorpions	13 6 3 5 26

Nominate YOUR

Hongkong Footballer Of The Year.

Members of the public are invited to nominate whom they consider to be Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be received until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to The Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

To The Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the Club.

(Signed)

Week-end Softball

Due to the postponement of two Senior "A" Division games, only five Softball League matches are slated for this Sunday. The only Senior contest will be between the Americans and Overseas in the Senior Division. P. I. Dodgers and CAA Juniors will meet each other to decide who goes into the Junior League play-off series.

In the Ladies' qualifying rounds, ex-Champion Wahoons Aces will meet Colleen Bees in a double-header. Pennant-holding Colleen Aces will clash with the rookie Overseas Ladies and CAA Ladies will cross bats with the Pandarettes.

The Americans now have all their players returned from other ports and are fully equipped for their remaining two games in the League programme. They showed good form last week in slaughtering the University in what was almost a shutout. They are expected to do the same tomorrow to the young Overseas.

The Overseas have improved quite a lot since the start of the season. However, lacking a good pitcher, they will not be able to resist the American onslaught.

P. I. Dodgers and the young Athletics are playing the last game of their programme. The Dodgers have to win as they have already lost three games, and even if they win, they will have to play the Junior Athletics again to qualify for the play-off series.

OGIMURA TO DEFEND

Ichiro Ogimura, World Singles Table Tennis Champion, will defend his title in the next World Championships at Utrecht from April 10-24.

Ogimura beat Sweden's Tage Filberg in the final of last year's World Championships at Wembley and led Japan to victory over Czechoslovakia in the final of the Swaythling Cup. (London Express Service).

Police	14	6	6	2	26
CCC	14	4	9	1	37
Navy	12	2	11	1	9
University	14	0	12	0	0

* One tie (two points)

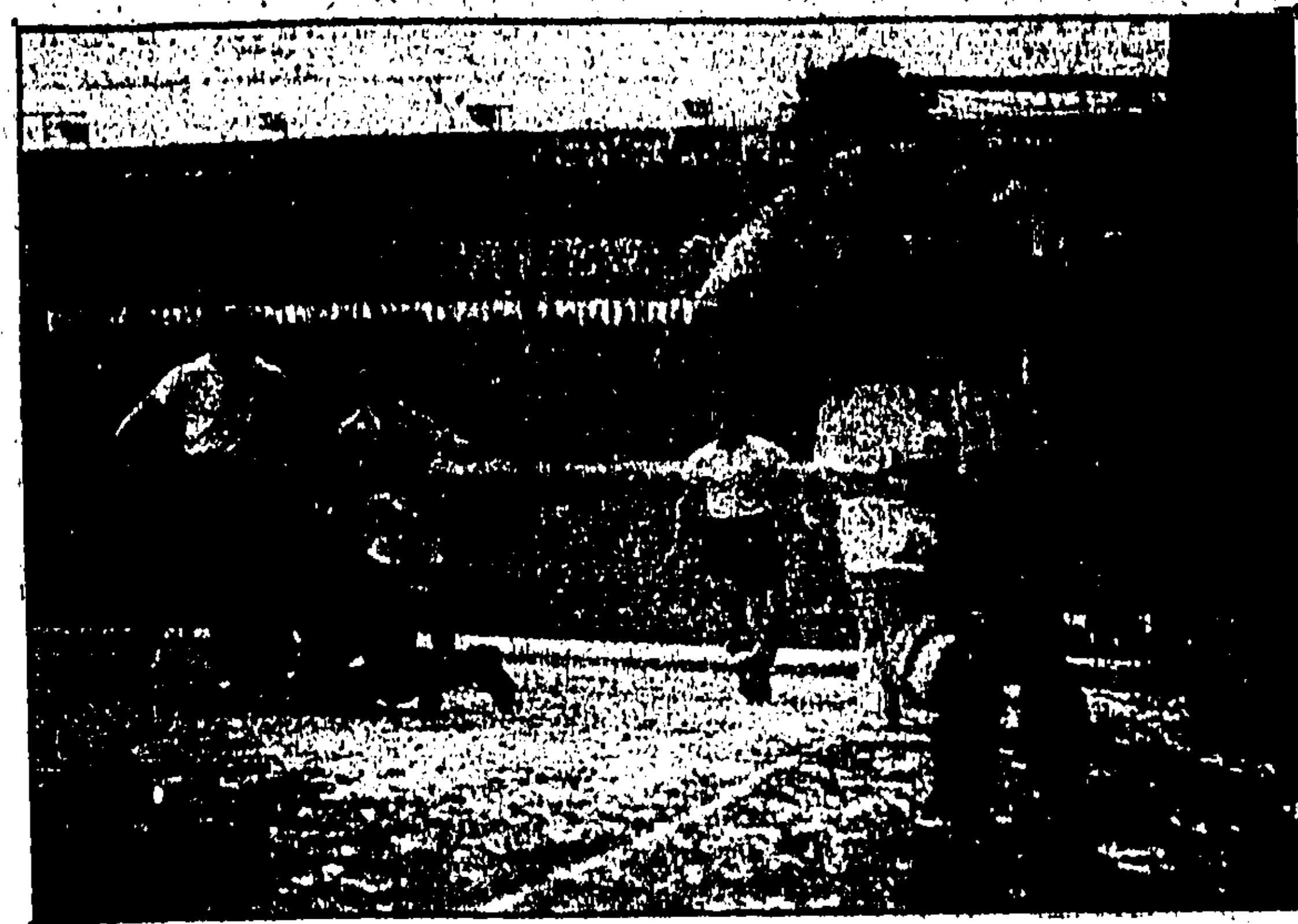
Police	17	8	7	2	34
CCC	17	11	3	3	47
Navy	15	9	3	3	39
University	17	8	7	2	34

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CCC	17	11	3	3	47
Navy	15	9	3	3	39
University	17	8	7	2	34

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University	17	8	7	2	34

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University	17	8	7	2	34

BAYNHAM ON THE BALL



Luton Town's goalkeeper Baynham dashes out and smothers an attack from the Manchester City forwards. As he gathers, a teammate (black knickers) stands by in case he is needed—an incident in the Fifth Round FA Cup tie at Luton which Manchester City won by two goals to nil. — Reuterphoto.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY, BUT STORY TELLERS MAY CHANGE THE PICTURE

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

This week I want to start by taking you on the big jump from local football to the artist's easel because I wish to tell you about an interesting private experiment that took place quite recently in England.

You are no doubt familiar with the old saying 'Every picture tells a story'... but I wonder if you fully appreciate that, in reverse, the saying can be far from consistent... and here is the experiment that was carried out to prove it.

As the result of a friendly difference between two writers, three artists were invited to gather in a room equipped with three easels and drawing boards. A fourth member of the gathering read a passage of simple prose in which an incident with salient features was well explained.

When the reading was over each artist in turn was asked if there was any word, any phrase, or any sentence that he did not understand, and when they each confirmed that they understood what had been said they were asked to go to work simultaneously and make a drawing of the incident. For the purpose of the experiment they were placed in such a position that they could not see what their fellow artists were drawing.

The result was astonishing. There was little in common between the three interpretations... and still less between any of them and an actual photograph of the scene that had been described.

The reason I relate all this is that in football a great variety of situations arise and many stories that represent honest appreciation are told. These stories may produce very different pictures in different minds.

But that does not mean that someone is trying to deceive someone else... it usually means that different people see different aspects of the same situation as the important ones.

ALL FOR THE GOOD
This is all for the eventual good of the game. Just as parliamentary problems are resolved by discussion, or by prosecution and defence lawyers will argue the facts of a legal struggle as each sees them, so in sport it is right that soccer folk should be given a chance to consider more than one side of any story... whatever or whatever the story concerns.

However, it should not be forgotten that just as politicians or lawyers do not put all their cards on the table at one time, or just as they may use 'justified exaggeration' to put a particular fact into its correct perspective... so does each writer present his story in accordance with his picture that is in his mind's eye.

Politicians and lawyers—however violent their professional differences—are not enemies. They are both driving towards the same goal and they are in fact complementary to each other, for by presenting two very different appreciations of a particular problem they

enable a just solution to be obtained.

Recent happenings have shown that Colony football has its share of 'political' and legal problems. There can be no doubt that the public has been able to read very different viewpoints from the various sportswriters whose job it is to cover such assignments...

...but let me discount any suggestions, and I have heard them several times, that the writers are 'biased'... that no matter what one writes another will automatically write something opposite whether he really believes it is right or not.

Nothing could be further from the truth... and my own experience of affairs in Hongkong is that whatever differences of opinion may arise they are not carried beyond the margins of the newspaper columns and generally I have found that the Colony sportswriters all have a sincere desire to present their stories in such a way that they will contribute to the betterment of the game... and if you doubt it, when you sometimes find their stories at variance... think of the three artists...!!!

TARNISHED REPUTATIONS
Now that the Admiralty Club has left us we get back to the solution of our domestic affairs in League and Shield... but I agree with those who say that a look back at some of the things that happened in the Admiralty series would not be amiss.

Whatever their performance on the field some of the local players came out of the three-game programme with tarnished reputations as far as their loyalty to the public is concerned.

For example I know of one player who was picked for the Hongkong Selection... but he was unable to contact the reserve for his position several days before the game to tell him that he (the reserve) would be playing as the star had already decided that he would not be fit to turn out... but neither he nor his club took the trouble to pass the information on to the team manager or the HKFA.

You have probably guessed the pay-off line. The 'crook' makes a magnificent recovery to play in the Combined Chinese side the next day...!!! Ah... great... as the case might be.

Or maybe you like this one better... It might be called the '60 Minute Slip Up'... This concerned a player who was accidentally injured at 5

p.m., but whose unfortunate injury was reported an hour before it happened... but anyhow he didn't play... so it must have been bad... Makes you think... doesn't it?

You will probably have read elsewhere in the press that the Army has applied to the HKFA to have the final of the Senior Shield brought forward in order that they may be enabled to put a fully representative side in the field.

According to my information the Army asked for the game to be played on any date except March 13 but whether their request is justified or not is not for the press to decide or prejudge.

It is, however, surprising to hear that although the letter of application was submitted on the Monday after the semi-final... that is almost two weeks ago... the appropriate committee has not yet met to consider the pros and cons of what must surely be an important matter of policy, public interest and... finance.

WEEK-END GAMES

Here is the programme of games for the week-end:—

Today

CAA v. Club at Causeway Bay at 4 p.m.

Kitchen v. Kwong Wah at Caroline Hill at 4 p.m.

Navy v. South China at Club Stadium at 4 p.m.

Tomorrow

Eastern v. KMB at Curro-lino Hill at 4 p.m.

Sing Tao v. Police at Club Stadium at 4 p.m.

RAF v. Army at Sookampoo at 4 p.m.

Chief interest will be centred on the two all-Chinese games between Kitchen and Kwong Wah today and Eastern and KMB tomorrow.

Kwong Wah have slipped a lot since the start of the season and their veteran players have failed to some extent to match the pace of the virile youngsters of the other top teams.

Kitchen have their old-stagers too, but there is still considerable strength in the side and they should be able to collect two more valuable points.

Eastern shook Colony soccer to its roots some weeks ago by toppling South China at Caroline Hill and no doubt their faithful supporters can see them doing the same to KMB tomorrow... but I cannot share their confidence and anything but a decisive win for the Bumen would be a major upset.

Club and South China should improve their points totals today at the expense of CAA and Navy respectively, while Sing Tao should maintain their recent points-gathering spree when they meet the Police at the Club ground tomorrow.

Inter-service interest will be centred on the semi-final meeting of the Royal Air Force and Army at Sookampoo tomorrow. With the service magazines in progress at present it is impossible to say what side will be able to put on the field for player on the day... but the services have been showing in-and-out form this season and they are well poised to put on a good spectacle at the game.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

The Public Enclosure at Happy Valley is being lent to the Hong Kong Kennel Club for a Dog Show on Sunday 27th February 1955. These premises will be closed to Members at 10 a.m. on Sunday. The Badminton Courts will be closed all day Friday 25th, Saturday 26th and Sunday 27th February.

During the Show, the Private Boxes, Coffee Room, Bar, Ladies' Lounge and the upper verandah will be open and reserved for the use of the Members of the Jockey Club.

The charges for admission are \$3.00 for adults and \$1.00 for Service personnel in uniform and children under 16. Entrance to the Show will be by the Public Entrance only.

Members of the Jockey Club, who wish to make use of the Club rooms and upper verandah, must wear their Member's Badge, otherwise they will not be admitted thereto.

By Order,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 24th February, 1955.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB EIGHTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 5th & Sunday 12th March, 1955.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72311).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$18.00 each per day and \$36.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices during normal office hours until 11.00 a.m. on the first day.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Almeida Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on both days of the Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 8th April, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

POP



Caught in the nicotine

A RECORD ENTRY OF 54 TEAMS FOR THIS YEAR'S SEVEN-A-SIDE RUGGER

The draw for the Seven-a-Sides has now been arranged. This year there is a record number of entries. So much so that two extra days have had to be allotted for the play-off of the first few rounds.

In all 54 teams are entered and it is an impossible task at present to select the winners though 72nd LAA "A", Wayfong and RAF Kai Tak "A" should get into the quarter-finals.

The first of the preliminary rounds will be played off on Saturday, March 5, at Causeway Bay.

Here is the draw for the day:

1.20 p.m. RAF Kai Tak "A" v. Far East Farm "A";
1.40 p.m. Club "A" v. RAF Kai Tak "B";
2.00 p.m. 1st King's Own "B" v. Waggoners "B";
2.20 p.m. 27th HAA Regt RA "A" v. RAF Sek Kong;
2.40 p.m. 15th Fd. Park Sqds. RE v. Convent "B";
3.00 p.m. 27th HAA Regt RA "B" v. 14th Fd. Regt RA;
3.20 p.m. HQLE v. Wayfong;
3.40 p.m. RAMC v. Ewo;
4.00 p.m. RAF Kai Tak "A" v. 25th Fd. Regt "B";
4.20 p.m. 72nd LAA Regt "A" v. 32nd Med. Regt RA;
4.40 p.m. REME Hornets v. H.K. Sig. Regt;
5.00 p.m. FMA RE v. REME Bees;

5.20 p.m. 6 COD "A" v. 42nd Fld Regt "B"; Far East Farm "B" v. 6 COD "B";

ON CLUB GROUND

6.00 p.m. 48 Club "A" v. H.K. Regt;
7.00 p.m. REME Waps v. Waggoners "A";
7.20 p.m. Tamar Termagants v. 48 Club "B";

Fast Times At Australian Championships

Don Macmillan, celebrating his return home from nearly two years in England, won the Australian Mile Championship on February 5 at Adelaide in 4 minutes 7.0 seconds. Two days later he won the Half Mile in 1 minute 51.9 seconds.

Sydney's John Plummer was second in the Mile at 4:08.8, while New Zealand's Murray Halberg (4:04.4 last year) was pushed back into fifth place.

Leon Gregory won the 440 Yards from New Zealand's Empire Games star, Don Jowett, in 48.2 seconds. Bob Grant reached 205 feet 6 1/2 inches in the Javelin Throw to upset Empire Champion Jim Achurch.

Schoolboy Charles Porter won the High Jump at 6 feet 4 inches. Hector Hogan won the 100 Yards in 9.9 seconds, but was fourth in the 220 Yards to Doug Winston, Bill Job and Empire Champion Don Jowett in 21.7 seconds.

Arthur Mailey Sticks His Neck Out Again

Back in August, Arthur Mailey, Australian goolgy bowler, terror of the Tests in the middle 'twenties, declared:

"I'll eat a cricket stump if England win the majority of the Tests in Australia."

Well, Mr Mailey is no woodpecker, but he has done the next best thing. He nibbled one inch off the top of a sugar stump specially made for the occasion.

Then he said: "We'll keep the rest for the Australian selectors."

Mr Mailey then sticks his neck out again. Referring to the Australian team for the West Indies, he says: "I am prepared to eat six stumps, the umpire's hats and the roller if this team wins the series."

(London Express Service)

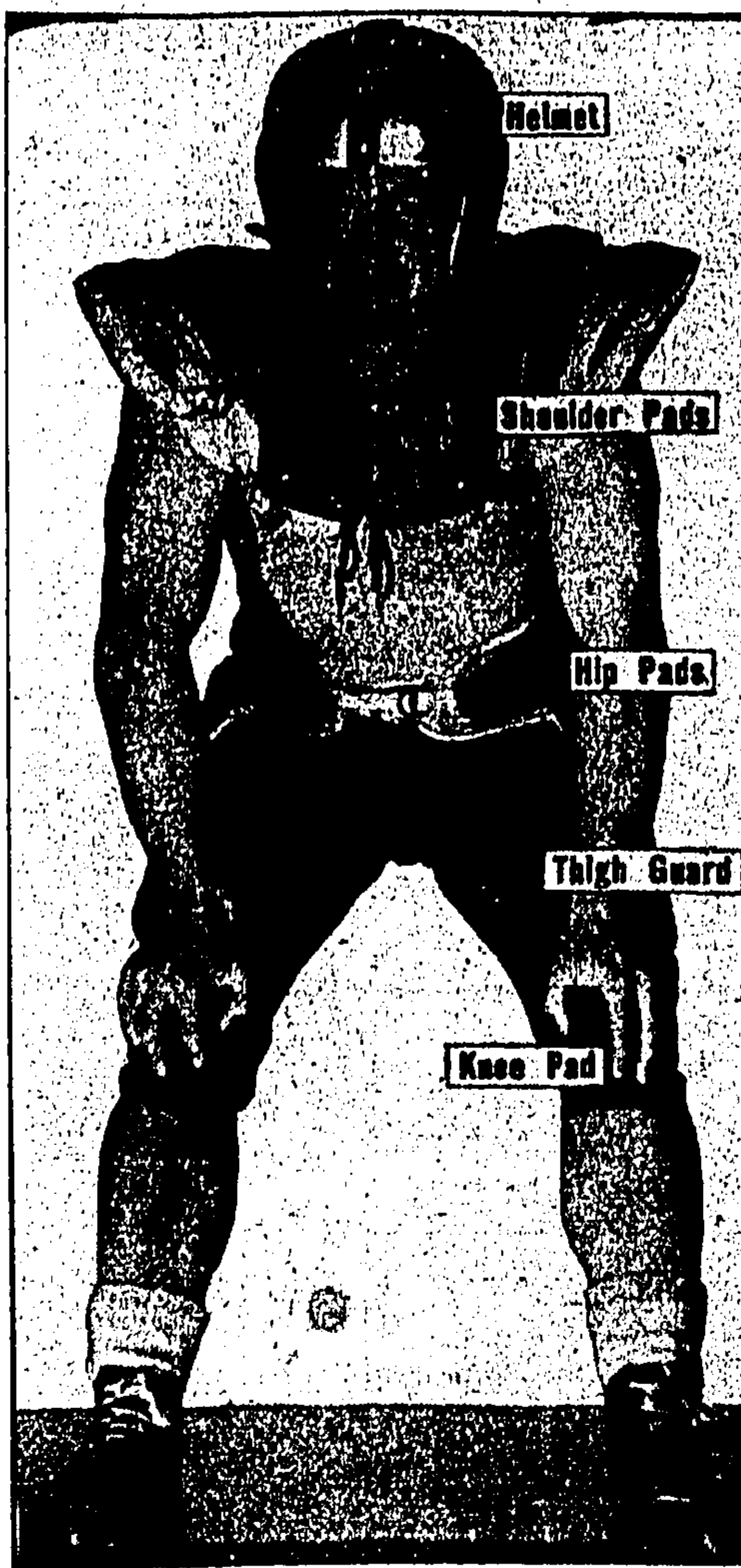
JOHN SAVIDGE RETIRES FROM ATHLETICS

John Savidge, Britain's greatest ever shot putter, will take no further part in top class athletics. This ex-Royal Marine has joined a large shipping company as master-at-arms on a luxury liner on the England-Australia run.

Discovered by Geoff Tyson, the AAA's Chief Coach, Savidge secured full points for Britain in all but one of the international matches in which he competed.

(London Express Service)

AMERICA GIVES THEM A START



THAT MAN-FROM-MARS LOOK from America... William Hickey, writing of U.S. football outfits, in November last, said: "Now I hear that the smart footballer in the U.S., this year, is wearing helmet, face mask, shoulder pads, rib-protector, hip pads, thigh pads, knee brace. Weight: 20lb. Cost: \$54."

League Cricket Averages

BATTING

(Qualification—200 runs)

	Inns	Runs	H.S.	N.O.	Avg.
I. L. Stanton (Scorpions).....	10	349	108	5	34.9
Power (RAF).....	11	369	101	3	33.5
Withall (Army South).....	10	503	75	2	50.3
F. A. Weller (Scorpions).....	8	291	95	1	36.4
D. Coffey (KCC).....	14	323	92	6	40.4
G. N. Gosano (Recrelo).....	14	455	108	2	32.5
G. A. Souza (CCC).....	15	453	95	3	30.2
Medc (Army South).....	7	213	68	1	30.4
M. V. D. (Army South).....	17	449	60	4	26.4
G. H. Pritchard (Optimists).....	15	432	102	2	28.8
Green (RAF).....	13	297	65	4	22.8
B. Dhabar (CCC).....	10	235	61	2	23.5
Lt. Russell (Army North).....	12	317	77	1	26.4
K. M. Macpherson (Optimists).....	13	336	87	1	25.8
C. J. Leader (Optimists).....	13	327	101	1	25.2
P. Wood (KCC).....	13	205	52	2	15.8
M. Remedios (Recrelo).....	12	239	62	0	19.9
P. R. Ryl (CCC).....	13	215	34	2	16.5
E. L. Gosano (Recrelo).....	11	214	54	0	19.45
T. G. C. Knight (Scorpions).....					

BOWLING

(Qualification—15 wickets)

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Avg.
Clark (Army-South).....	144.4	31	460	53	7.93
B. C. Carnell (KCC).....	92.6	23	343	39	8.70
R. Jenner (KCC).....	55.7	3	242	20	9.3
St. Johnston (Army North).....	35.7	5	177	19	9.31
Young (Army North).....	80.5	2	250	20	9.6
Dowling (Army South).....	86.3	13	329	33	9.86
G. H. Pritchard (Optimists).....	74.0	8	395	38	10.37
G. N. Gosano (Recrelo).....	107.1	21	657	57	11.17
Withall (Army South).....	94	18	270	23	11.73
W. M. Davidson (KCC).....	95.2	10	304	31	11.74
Lipscombe (Army North).....	74.4	3	374	30	12.40
Power (RAF).....	80.5	6	435	34	12.79
D. W. Leach (Scorpions).....	93.3	6	523	39	13.41
K. G. Splink (Optimists).....	121.6	19	536	38	14.15
C. A. Guterres (Recrelo).....	65.3	2	318	21	14.9
Birley (RAF).....	91	14	303	19	15.9
T. P. Mahon (Optimists).....	92.7	11	368	23	16.02
E. R. O. Hubble (Optimists).....	102.2	0	484	27	17.81
B. Dhabar (CCC).....	70.4	6	345	19	18.15
G. A. Souza (CCC).....	93	10	370	19	19.78

USAF v RAF AT CRICKET!

A United States Air Force team from Burtonwood, Lancashire, is to play cricket against the RAF at Mildenhall in the summer. The American soccer team has already registered a victory over the RAF side.

Cricket is played as much as soccer in the United States, although it gets much less publicity. Leagues are run in New York, and regular matches are staged in Philadelphia and Chicago. Cornell University run a cricket club.

(London Express Service)

Rugby Too Tough? Try Padding

Pin back your ears, you husky Rugby forwards. Yes, throw away your scrum caps and pin them back with sweat bands.

This is one of the Rugby dress reforms advocated in a recent issue of British Medical Journal—reforms which bring the English Rugby player nearer the Man-from-Mars American model.

A broad elastic sweat band, says the doctors' own paper, is better than the cumbersome, old-fashioned scrum cap.

And throw back your shoulders. Such shoulders too, for the journal advocates tough men's "softies"—sponge-rubber shoulder pads to ease friction in the scrummage and lessen chances of injury when a player is pitched on the point of his shoulder.

Quilted jerseys, too, are suggested. If the doctors have their way, a wing racing for the corner flag may be slapped in the face by the flag he knocks down.

DETACHABLE STUDS For the doctors want the flange-studs to be made of thick rubber "which does not splinter on impact."

And in case anyone gets in the way of the goalposts the lower end of the uprights should be padded. The journal puts in a kind word for shinguards. "They should not be considered 'slag' and are almost essential for front-row forwards. But they must be light and not made from material which becomes sodden and heavy in wet weather."

Other suggestions are: "Risks, arising from faulty equipment could be easily eliminated. Detachable boot studs of rubber or aluminium, which can be varied for dry or wet weather, are much less dangerous to other players than leather ones, which are apt to become conical in wear and sometimes develop protruding nails."

"Well-fitting clothing can be a protection in itself and the player with flapping waistbands and dangling stockings is often his own worst enemy."

[Law 5 of the rules governing Rugby football says about players' dress:—

A player may not wear any dangerous projections—buckles, rings, etc. Any studs on his boots must be leather rubber, aluminium, or any approved plastic, circular, securely fastened.

Maximum length 3/4 in.; minimum diameter at base 3/16 in.; minimum diameter at top 1/16 in.

The British Medical Journal says employers are now often less inclined to take a lenient view of absences due to injuries sustained while playing games, and most Rugby players would welcome any action which could be taken to prevent or mitigate severe injuries.

Dr Robert O'Connell, medical officer to Irish international teams for 20 years. He never played.

TOUGH NOTE: Tom Voyce (27 caps), toughest man in England's toughest pack, said: "I think they are trying to make the game far too soft."

FINAL WORD: From Ross Stephens, 6ft., 15-stone vice-captain of the Welsh team: "I wouldn't think of wearing shoulder pads. Rugby is a tough game. Take out a lot of the fun. A thick ear is said to be the hallmark of a good forward."

(London Express Service)

Added Incentive For Winning The League

Added incentive for winning the English League Championship this year is the prospect of a trip to Russia. Mr. Alexei Chikhin, director of the Foreign Relations Section of the Soviet Government Sports Committee, includes such a visit in his plans for widening the scope of sports fixtures between Russia and Britain. — (London Express Service)

Wherever you are—

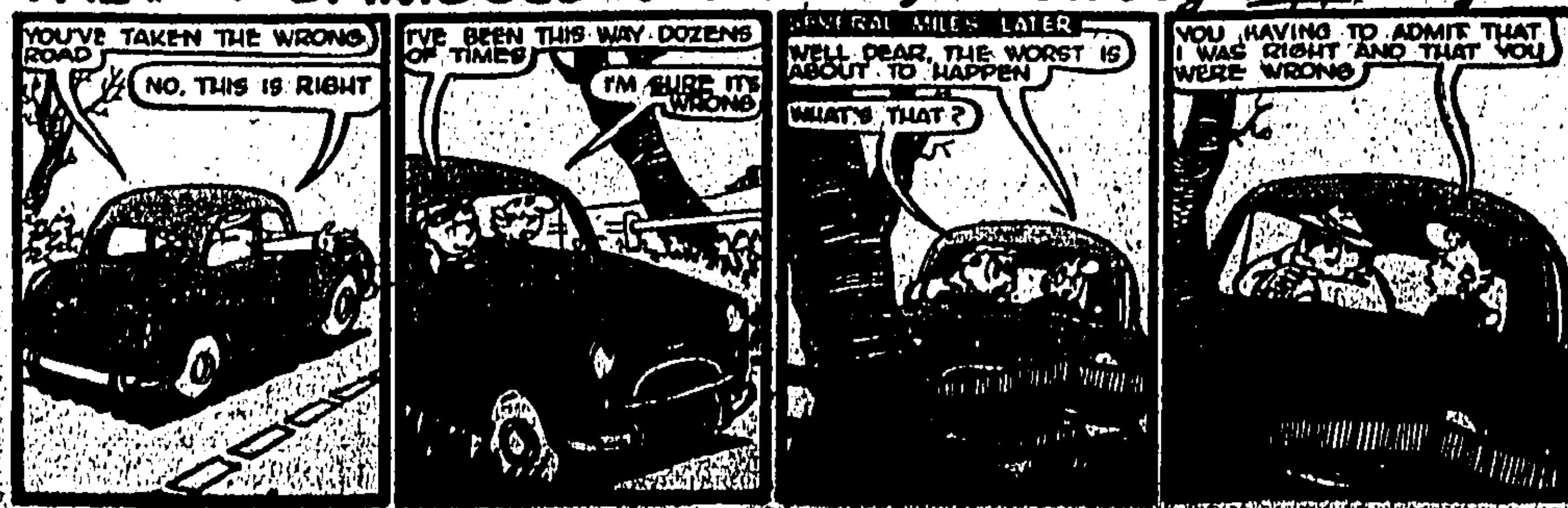
Choose

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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS



FRANCIS MILLERD'S GREAT NORTHERN FANCY RED SOCKEYE SALMON STEAK

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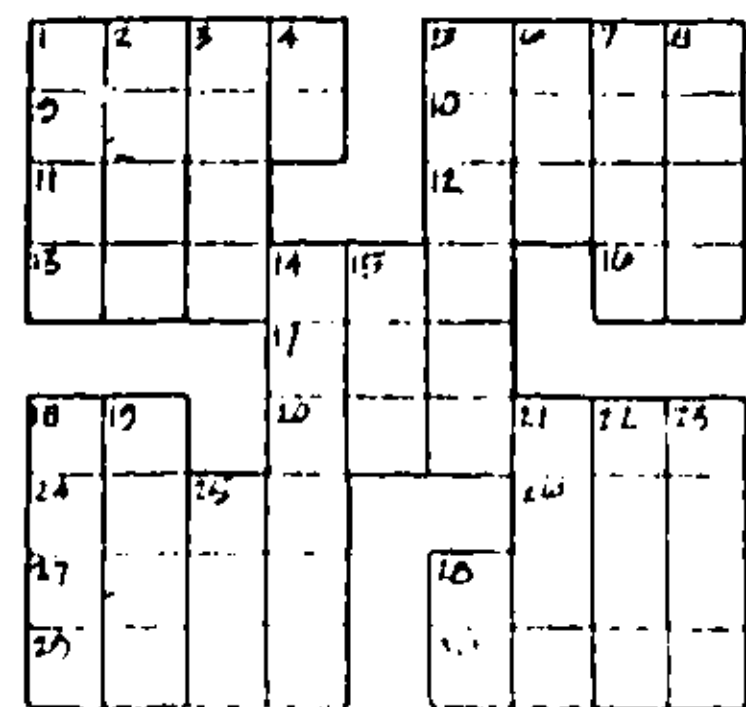
Wong & Co., Ltd.

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

You'll find the Puzzleman has concealed several world rivers in his crossword puzzle this time:



ACROSS

- 1 River in Germany
- 5 Italian river
- 9 Hold dear
- 10 Spanish province
- 11 Honey-maker
- 12 Trial
- 13 Hebrew ascetic
- 14 Daybreak (comb. form)
- 17 Weight of India
- 18 Pound (ab.)
- 20 Bed canopy
- 24 Great Lake
- 25 Lincoln's nickname
- 27 Nostril
- 28 Makes mistakes
- 29 First man
- 30 Carbon substance

DOWN

- 1 Bohemian river
- 2 Accomplishes
- 3 Night before events
- 4 Musical note
- 5 Changes
- 6 Scottish sheepfold
- 7 Protocols
- 8 Preposition
- 14 Respect
- 15 Born
- 16 Russian river
- 19 Nail
- 21 Edible rootstock
- 22 Spanish river
- 23 Pause
- 25 Man's name
- 28 Electrical unit

DIAMOND

Today's diamond is centred on the SUNGARI. The second word is "a small cask"; third "a doctrine"; fifth "endures"; and sixth an abbreviation for "transportation".

S
U
N
G
A
R
I

A WORD GAME

MORE than 70 words can be made from the letters found in VALENTINE. For example, VEIN, ALIVE, NAIL, TAN, INVENT.

Below are ten sentences for you to complete. Wherever you see a number, put in the appropriate word having that number of letters. All of the letters in the word must be found in VALENTINE.

1. Where do you (4).
2. Don't be (4) for school.
3. Father was away (4) or (3) days.
4. This (4) is about an (4) witch.
5. Helen wore a (5) suit and a (4).
6. When walking down the (4), I saw a scarlet (4).
7. Put (4) me a Dutch (4).
8. A (3) us try to (5) the room looking (4).
9. A (3) (4) carries water from our roof.
10. We (3) dinner (2) (3) (3).

(Answers on Page 20)

HIDDEN RIVERS

A river is hidden in each of these sentences. Can you find them? The city had many industrial sites.

Don't let the beacon go out. She starred in many films.

SCRAMBLED RIVERS

Rearrange the letters in each of these strange lines to form the name of a river:

HONER
BIG AMA
I AM DEAR

RIVER REBUS

Four of the rivers of the world have been hidden in this rebus; you can find them readily if you use the words and pictures to your best advantage.



(Solutions on Page 20)

HOW TO AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

YOU BET I CAN PULL MY SHIRT RIGHT OFF MY BACK WITHOUT TAKING OFF MY JACKET...



SEE!

IT'S AS EASY AS THIS IF YOU FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS.

1. SLIP YOUR SHIRT AROUND YOUR SHOULDERS... DON'T PUT YOUR ARMS IN YOUR SLEEVES BUT BUTTON YOUR CUFFS AROUND YOUR WRISTS. BUTTON YOUR COLLAR AROUND YOUR NECK.



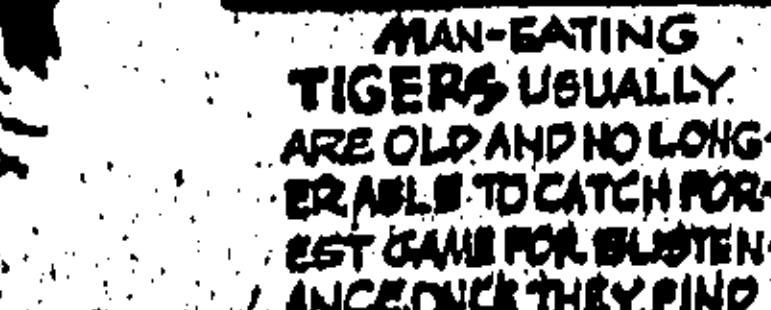
2. NOW... PUT ON YOUR TIE AND JACKET WHEN READY, REMOVE THE UNBUTTONED COLLAR AND CUFFS... GRAB THE BACK OF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR... PULL AND OFF COMES YOUR SHIRT!



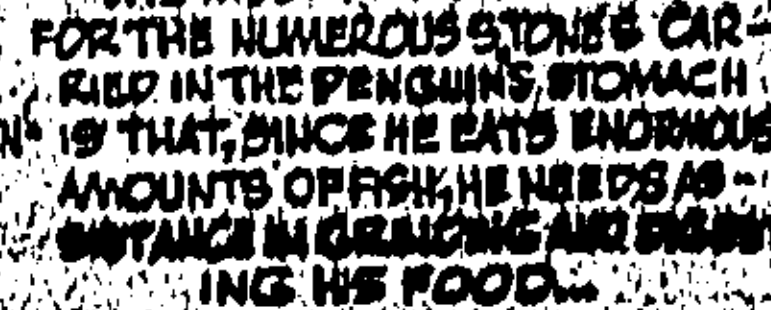
3. NOW... PUT ON YOUR TIE AND JACKET WHEN READY, REMOVE THE UNBUTTONED COLLAR AND CUFFS... GRAB THE BACK OF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR... PULL AND OFF COMES YOUR SHIRT!



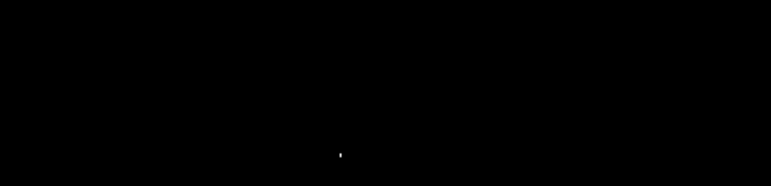
4. NOW... PUT ON YOUR TIE AND JACKET WHEN READY, REMOVE THE UNBUTTONED COLLAR AND CUFFS... GRAB THE BACK OF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR... PULL AND OFF COMES YOUR SHIRT!



5. NOW... PUT ON YOUR TIE AND JACKET WHEN READY, REMOVE THE UNBUTTONED COLLAR AND CUFFS... GRAB THE BACK OF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR... PULL AND OFF COMES YOUR SHIRT!



6. NOW... PUT ON YOUR TIE AND JACKET WHEN READY, REMOVE THE UNBUTTONED COLLAR AND CUFFS... GRAB THE BACK OF YOUR SHIRT COLLAR... PULL AND OFF COMES YOUR SHIRT!



Archaeological Discovery Reveals That Norsemen Beat Columbus To America

By R. S. CRAGGS

A STONE THAT WAS once used to fill in a barnyard has become one of the greatest archaeological discoveries ever found in North America. The now-famous Kensington Stone was discovered in 1898 by a young Swedish farmer near Kensington, Minnesota. It was under an aspen tree which he uprooted when clearing his land and it measured 81 inches by 16 by 6 inches. On one side was chiselled a message in runic characters, an ancient alphabet of Scandinavia. The stone found its way to the University of Minnesota where the experts were able to interpret the message. It was apparently written by one member of a party of 40 Swedes and Norwegians who had descended into the Minnesota lakes region by water from Hudson Bay ("14 days' journey from this island"). Nevertheless, the stone was stated to be a hoax and returned to the farmer where it served as fill in his barnyard—fact or fiction, fortunately, so that the writing on it was preserved. It remained for 100 years.

THE KENSINGTON STONE...



FARMER OLOF OYMAN DISCOVERED THE STONE NEAR KENSINGTON, MINNESOTA, IN 1898.

TRANSLATED IN PART, IT READS: 6 GOTH AND 22 NORWEGIANS ON EXPLORATION JOURNEY FROM VINLAND WESTWARD... YEAR 1562

Holland of Wisconsin to prove that the Norsemen had indeed reached America, and in 1932, 130 years before Columbus "discovered" America. Mr. Holland consulted 23 European Universities before he passed judgment. He proved that the mixture of Norwegian and Latin alphabet was in use at that time in Norway. He found that an expedition had left Norway eight years pre-

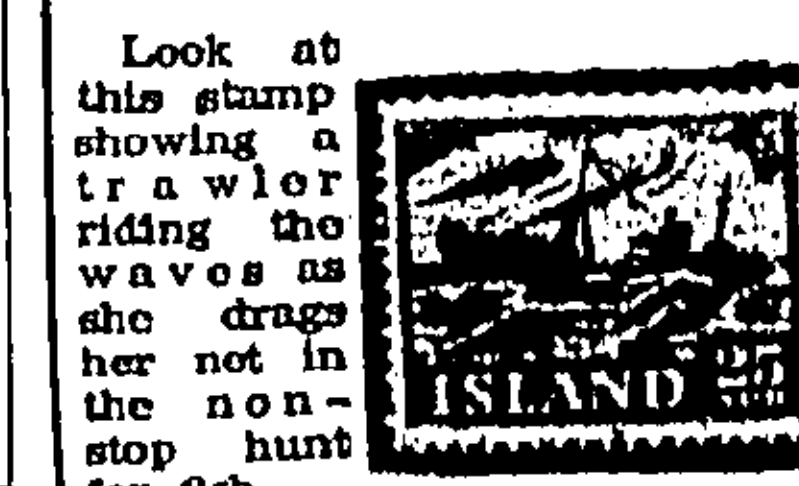
vious to the date on the stone, for the west coast of Greenland. Seventy-five miles away he found three stones with holes driven in them where the expedition had apparently moored their boats. Several Norwegian weapons were found along the Neuse River which drains into Hudson Bay.

What happened to the Norse explorers? Well, according to the stone they had just returned from a hunt to find ten of their party dead, obviously killed by the fierce Sioux Indians that inhabited the region. It is reasonable to suppose that the other explorers met the same fate for they were a very long way from the ocean that they hoped to reach. The amazing fact is that they got as far as they did.

Stamps From Iceland

If you want to specialise in collecting the stamps of any one country without spending much money, then a useful choice for you is Iceland.

For a few pence you can buy stamps showing all features of this little nation's life—from cod-fishing, by which many of the people earn their living, to the geysers which spout from the rocks and are a never-ending source of wonder to tourists.



Look at this stamp showing a trawler riding the waves as she drags her net in the non-stop hunt for fish.

This stamp and another sell for 2d. in London. They are well printed in photogravure and perforated 13.

The most expensive stamp from Iceland is one issued in 1933. That was the year when a famous Italian airman named Marshal Balbo led a flight of seaplanes round the world.

Iceland put out a series of stamps to commemorate this and the 10-krona blue and green now appears to be Iceland's most valuable issue.

It is priced at £13 used and £12 unused. This is little money in comparison to the highest-priced stamps of many countries.—J. A. A.

WHY SHOES HAVE HEELS

By Roy L. Warren

NO ONE IS really sure how or where high heels originated. We do know that as far back as 715 B. C. shoes were worn with very thick cork or platform soles and heels to increase the height of the wearer. The high heel is supposed to have evolved from this.

Other explanations are that the people of ancient desert tribes put high heels on their shoes to keep their feet off the burning sands. Still another version says that horse-riding warriors of centuries past used high heels to keep their feet from slipping out of the stirrup. A story as plausible as any is that the high heel was invented by a pretty girl who was always being kissed on the forehead.

Anyhow, the high heel got its real impetus a few centuries later. Catherine de Medici came to Paris as the bride of Henry II. Cathy was very short, so she wore high-heeled shoes to increase her height. When the regal ladies copied the new style, the high heel had rapidly spread through all the courts of Europe, and then to the common folk.

Nor was the high heel restricted to women's shoes. In the Elizabethan era the male dandies wore shoes with heels three and four inches high, in colours of bright red, yellow, and green.

It wasn't until about 1890, however, that the high heel met approval in the United States. At first, these were wood imported from France. But there was the problem of alighting them securely to shoes and preventing the heel from buckling under in walking.

A printer named Humphrey O'Sullivan had some feet that ached and fatigued him as he worked at his machine. One day he got the bright idea of placing a resilient rubber mat on the floor in front of the machine. This gave his feet much comfort.

A practical fellow, he hid the rubber mat from him. Necessity being the mother of invention, O'Sullivan countered with another idea. Why not nail a piece of the rubber mat to each shoe? And so was born the rubber heel, of which some three million pairs a year are used today.

At length Dr. Lion prepared to leave. "Mrs. Bear has been working too hard," he says. "She must have a proper rest. She's got to have more quietude if you sent her away to the South in the winter sunshine." And he drives off. "Oh dear! I wish we could send Monday away for a holiday," sighs Mr. Bear when they are indoors. "Only it costs a lot, and we haven't enough money to pay for an extra holiday nowdays." "Never mind," says Rupert. "We'll do all her work for her, and—how—I'll start by sweeping up this broken plate."



As length Dr. Lion prepared to leave. "Mrs. Bear has been working too hard," he says. "She must have a proper rest. She's got to have more quietude if you sent her away to the South in the winter sunshine." And he drives off. "Oh dear! I wish we could send Monday away for a holiday," sighs Mr. Bear when they are indoors. "Only it costs a lot, and we haven't enough money to pay for an extra holiday nowdays." "Never mind," says Rupert. "We'll do all her work for her, and—how—I'll start by sweeping up this broken plate."

General Tin's Travels

—His Visits to the Lands of Dinner and Clocks—

By MAX TRELL

"YEARS ago," General Tin the Tin Soldier was saying to Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, "I had a very good friend. He was a sea captain. His name was Captain Goosefeathers. He owned a beautiful black boat and he took me with him on all his journeys. Once we visited the unusual land of Dinner."

An Interesting Region

Here Knarf and Hanid, sounding extremely interested, asked General Tin to please repeat the name of the land he said he had visited with Captain Goosefeathers.

"Land of Dinner," repeated General Tin good-naturedly. "It also had two other parts: Before-Dinner and After-Dinner."

"Is there really such a place?" asked Hanid.

"My dear girl," said General Tin, "everyone has heard of the Land of Dinner. But just let me tell you about it. The people who live there do nothing but eat."

"That's what I thought," said Hanid.

"As for the people who live in Before-Dinner," General Tin went on, "they never eat at all; they're always hungry. As for the people who live in After-Dinner, they're NEVER hungry."

A Tick-tock Land

Knarf and Hanid said they didn't care to hear any more about the Land of Dinner.

"Well," said General Tin, "another journey I took with Captain Goosefeathers was to the Land of Clocks."

"Oh, that sounds interesting," said Knarf.

"As you might suppose from the name," continued General Tin, "all the people who lived there acted like clocks. Their lives had numbers all around them, and they always kept time."



The General sailed on his friend's boat.

hands in front of their faces."

"Just the way clocks do," said Hanid.

"That's right," said General Tin. "And they spoke the most curious language. They'd run up and down—clocks always run, you know, they never walk—saying to each other: 'Tick-tock, tick-tock.' But at twelve o'clock they'd do the most extraordinary thing!"

Knarf and Hanid begged General Tin to tell them what the Clock people did at twelve o'clock.

A Lot Of Work

"I'll tell you," said General Tin. "At twelve o'clock sharp they all suddenly started hitting bells and gongs. Some of them blow whistles. Some of them just yelled. Some of them sprang up and down, kicking their heels together. Some of them banged tin cans. Some of them exploded paper bags. You never in all your life heard so much noise. They wanted me to stay and be their king."

"Why didn't you stay and be their king, General Tin?" asked Knarf.

General Tin shook his head. "It would have been much too much work," he said. "I would have had to keep them wound up all the time. And how could I ever get a wink of sleep with all that tick-tocking and noise-making at twelve o'clock? So I sailed away with Captain Goosefeathers and his wife. I'm here with you now."

Knarf and Hanid were glad that General Tin was with them now. "I feel just like the people of Before-Dinner," said Knarf. "I'm always hungry."

Hanid and General Tin lit their pipes and General Tin lit his pipe. "It was just before dinner," said General Tin.



"Better take several. My wife is going to sing..."

YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26

BORN today, you are a person of great individuality and are often called an independent "pig on ice." You want things exactly as you want them when you want them. You never take "no" for an answer and will press forward toward your objective no matter how many obstacles are placed in your path. This rugged individualism and tenacity are both fine ideals but they can be carried to an extreme which will make life more difficult for you than it need be.

In a highly competitive world, sometimes it is good to be able to work in co-operation with others. Once you have learned to "give a little" when it comes to having your own way all the time, you may discover that there is, actually, a short cut to getting what you want.

You have a great deal of nervous energy and must be doing something all the time. Be sure that your efforts are directed in some worthwhile direction, for without a true objective, you would find yourself moving around fast but merely in a circle.

You will be happiest if you wed at an early age, for you will be most content within the close circle of your own home and family. Although you like the competition of urban living, your health suggests that you get into the country during vacation time to be near mother nature.

Among those born on this date are: Victor Hugo and Arthur Stringer, authors; Joseph Le Conte, scientist; William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill"; and John Harvey Kellogg, noted surgeon.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—An expected bit of good fortune may come your way. Make the most of it to advance your interests.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Don't crowd your Sunday with too much activity. It would be wise for you to get some much-needed rest.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may find that a good sermon will give you the spiritual consolation and inspiration that you need.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—If at all possible to get out into the open do so by all means. The fresh air will do you good.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Devote yourself to church attendance and any recreation appropriate to the day. Get a good rest.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Do something unusual to change your outlook on life and drive away any least tendency toward melancholy.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—It is important that you set aside a part of your time for quiet deliberation. Solve problems that way!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—By making future plans at this time, you may open the way to considerable joy and happiness later on.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If you are restless, it may be just a premature touch of spring fever! Getting outdoors will help.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Your church activities can bring you pleasure today. Hear a good sermon and meet some old friends.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Make this a true day of rest. You can't if you have planned well and have not left last-minute things to be done.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Remember that spiritual as well as material values are of great and lasting importance to your welfare.

BORN today, you have an exceptionally vivid imagination, have a gift for the written word and a true sense of the dramatic. You should put these talents to work for you in the field of literature—poetry, prose or drama—and in this age of radio and television, you might find them a happy medium of expression. Your sharp sense of observation and your ability for analysis are two other gifts which should prove valuable.

You have a rather restless disposition and are always wanting to be at some place where you aren't. Let your imagination carry you there. If you find it impractical to be always on the move, it is important that you learn that the "rolling stone" gathers little moss. You have to settle down if you want to be a material success.

You women, especially, have a fine sense of colour and decoration and will know how to arrange your home most harmoniously. You will probably have a flair for dressing well and your personal appearance is always neat. Although you like the world around you to be in a whirl of excitement, you, yourself, have an inner serenity which carries you through. You are a fine person to know in a crisis.

Affectionate and fond of members of the opposite sex, you will undoubtedly have several opportunities to wed. Be careful in your selection of a marriage partner, for it must be someone who has a similar state and is suited to your temperament.

Among those born on this date are: Ellen Terry and Joan Bennett, actresses; Stephen McKenna and James T. Farrell, authors; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, poet; Jacob Elgelow, scientist; and Gene Sarazen, golf champion.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—On this last day of the month if you are not satisfied with the balance your assets and liabilities progress you have been making; and plan to do better next year you can try a new start tomorrow.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—There is a new romance in sight if you are interested. It could be more than a springtime fancy, too.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Start the new week with a positive outlook on life. To pay exceptional dividends today is a new month, too, so plan important things.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Good news may arrive from out of town so be prepared to celebrate in a really big way if you can.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Perhaps you can do someone a good turn today, for it may be a kindness shown to the staying busy keeps you from being too much.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Make preparations for the new month and whatever problems it may bring with the high sun in the sky. You are going to have a very busy day.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If you are not satisfied with the progress you have been making; and plan to do better next year you can try a new start tomorrow.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You may have signs of spring if you are interested. It could be more than a springtime fancy, too.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Optimism is something that will pay exceptional dividends today. If you persist in following your star.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Wind up the past month's activities in a blaze of success, if you can, and get ready for another start.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Make a real attempt to look for the bright side of things. It may bring with the high sun in the sky. You are going to have a very busy day.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Remember that spiritual as well as material values are of great and lasting importance to your welfare.

400,000 WHO



THE CARLEBAY CANNERS IN NEW MEXICO WERE DISCOVERED IN 1901 WHEN JIM WHITE, A GOWBOY, SAW A GREAT NUMBER OF BATS COME OUT OF AN OPENING IN THE GROUND AS DUSK WAS FALLING.

THE MOST PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION FOR THE NUMEROUS BATS' CAR-RIED IN THE PENGUIN'S BLOOMING IS THAT, SINCE HE EATS ENORMOUS AMOUNTS OF FISH, HE NEEDS AN OUTSTANDING ORIGIN AND DESTINATION FOR HIS FOOD.

